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2

THE

# HARP OF PELHAM.



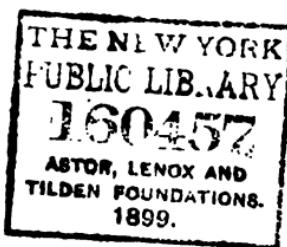
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## P R E F A C E .

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CUSTOM and courtesy have required an Introduction even to a book, and it must not be for us to neglect a practice so well sanctioned, the more particularly as it offers what we need, an opportunity for a few brief explanations.

The contents of this little volume originally appeared in the domestic newspaper of a large family, who, living in the seclusion of the country, and thrown upon their own resources for amusement, found a chronicle of passing events both interesting and instructive.

A word about such a family periodical, and this one in particular, may not be improper here, or useless elsewhere. It appears about once in a fortnight: the price is "one contribution." It usually opens with advertisements, humorous or real, and a leading article: it notices events passing and past, contains tales, essays, conundrums, &c. and concludes with a "poet's corner."

From a small beginning six years ago, this, our "Pelham Chronicle," has grown to some importance among a ~~circle~~ of friends who have been pleased to consider it possessed of some merit and certainly of some perseverance. Our object therefore has been fully realized, and our trouble (that was not *all* trouble) more than paid for in the amusement of our friends, and the improvement of ourselves. We were satisfied and gratified, ~~nor~~ should we now, or perhaps ever have looked ~~at~~ her, or expected more, but at the instance of charity, from whom who can turn and hope to be forgiven? She, coming this way, has overpersuaded our modesty, and engaged our muse to sing on another than her own little stage.

Such is the history of our manuscript, and the cause of its publication. The proceeds of sale, if any, ~~will~~ be appropriated toward a school-house for this destitute neighborhood. We state this to console some who may not find their dollar's worth in our Book; for surely charity abideth, and it will be no vain deed to have placed a stone in a school-house, which may stand when the harp of Pelham is silent, and the long grass of ages waves over us all.

Pelham Priory, July 6, 1844.

## C O N T E N T S.

	Page
PREFACE, -	3
The Muskete Hunt, -	9
Song, -	10
The Disobedient Mouse, -	11
The Silent Harp, -	14
Mianto's Child, -	16
Epitaph on a Hound, -	21
On the Bronx River, -	22
A Mother to her Child, -	24
The Sea Shore, -	25
Ronan and Ella, -	26
Life and Death, -	31
The Unknown Indian's Grave, -	31
The Bee—A Sonnet, -	13
Stanzas on a Tear, -	34
The Origin of Katydid-ism, -	34

	Page
Fourth of July, 1843, - - - -	36
“Nature Lives,” - - - -	39
Song, - - - -	40
Colin—A Pastoral, - - - -	41
Carlo’s Tale, - - - -	43
The Evening Dew, - - - -	44
The Pains of Memory, - - - -	45
Lady Mellent—A Ballad, - - - -	45
Virtue, - - - -	53
The Past Recalled, - - - -	53
The Infant School, - - - -	56
Song, - - - -	56
“The Sweetest and the Saddest,” -	57
Song—“Oh! I’ve a Secret,” -	58
Mont Blanc, - - - -	59
Vale of Sussex, - - - -	64
Satan’s Work, - - - -	66
The Stars, - - - -	66
Nature True. - - - -	68
The Mourner and the Mourned, -	68
The Court of Love, - - - -	-
The Complaint, - - - -	-
The Abbot of Reading, - - - -	-
November, - - - -	-
Song, - - - -	-

## CONTENTS.

vii

## Page

<b>The Rising Tide,</b>	-	-	-	-	77
<b>Nature,</b>	-	-	-	-	78
<b>A Catastrophe—or, an Epitaph on a Cat,</b>	-	-	-	-	79
<b>The Birds of Spring,</b>	-	-	-	-	79
<b>Home Revisited,</b>	-	-	-	-	80
<b>The Issues,</b>	-	-	-	-	85
<b>“The Flowers of Earth”—Autumn Hymn,</b>	-	-	-	-	85
<b>An Evening Hymn at Sea,</b>	-	-	-	-	86
<b>A Christmas Carol,</b>	-	-	-	-	86
<b>Earth and Heaven,</b>	-	-	-	-	89
<b>Night,</b>	-	-	-	-	90
<b>“The Second Birth.”</b>	-	-	-	-	90
<b>On the Death of an Infant,</b>	-	-	-	-	91
<b>Sabbath School Hymn,</b>	-	-	-	-	92
<b>Hymn for the Lord’s Supper,</b>	-	-	-	-	92
<b>The Foundation Stone,</b>	-	-	-	-	93
<b>Hymn,</b>	-	-	-	-	94
<b>On Family Worship,</b>	-	-	-	-	95
<b>A Hymn,</b>	-	-	-	-	95
<b>Sacred Sorrow,</b>	-	-	-	-	96
<b>Psalm XXIII.</b>	-	-	-	-	98
<b>Psalm XLII.</b>	-	-	-	-	99
<b>Psalm LXI.</b>	-	-	-	-	99
<b>Psalm CXXI.</b>	-	-	-	-	100
<b>Psalm CXXXIII.</b>	-	-	-	-	100

	Page
<b>Psalm CXXXVII.</b>	- 101
<b>Isaiah, LI.</b>	- 102
<b>Galatians, vi. 14, &amp;c.</b>	- 103
<b>Revelations, Chap. viii. Verse 1st.</b>	- 104
<b>A Hymn,</b>	- 104

THE  
HARP OF PERIARM.

---

**The Musketoe Hunt.**

**A PARODY.**

Not a sound was heard, but a horrible hum,  
As around our chamber we hurried,  
In search of the insect whose trumpet and drum  
Our delectable slumbers had worried.

We sought for it darkly, at dead of night,  
Our coverlid carefully turning,  
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,  
And our candle dimly burning.

No useless garment confin'd our breast,  
But in simple night-dress and slippers,  
We wander'd about like spirits distress'd,  
Or the sails of piratical skippers.

Short and few were the words we let fall,  
Lest the noise should disturb the musketoe,  
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the whitewash'd  
wall,  
And thought how we had been bit, Oh !

We thought as we rose from our restless bed,  
And relinquish'd our pleasant pillow, [dead,  
That we would not get in again till he was  
And we were secur'd from his bill, Oh!

But half an hour had seem'd to elapse,  
Ere we met with the wretch that had bit us,  
And raising our shoe gave some terrible slaps,  
That made the musketoe's quietus.

Quickly and gladly we turn'd from the dead,  
And left him all smash'd and gory !  
We blew out the candle and popp'd into bed,  
. And determin'd to tell you the story.

---

### Song.

We are not all in love ;  
But every day discovers  
Some evidence to prove  
That all who live are lovers.

The poet loves his lyre,  
The painter loves his picture,  
The bride her bright attire,  
The orator his lecture.

Then he's the happiest man,  
Whose love requires least trouble,  
And which for all his pain,  
Will pay him more than double.

Such love we seldom find,  
In any living creature ;  
But oh ! it is enshrin'd,  
In the sweet breast of Nature !

For she is fond and fair,  
And though she smiles on many,  
She never drew a tear,  
Or broke the heart of any.

We are not all in love,  
But every day discovers  
Some evidence to prove  
That all who live are lovers.

---

### The Disobedient Mouse.

“Oh, ma !” said a mouse of diminutive size,  
To his mother one day, with a laugh,  
“I have brought you a bit of a beautiful prize ;  
Such delicate cheese, as will gladden your eyes,  
Which I found in the dairy—here’s half.

“La ! bless you, my child ! it is nice, to be sure,  
But you must not go stealing, I state ;  
Just pick up the crumbs, be they many or  
fewer,  
And lap up the milk you may find in the sewer,  
But touch not a bowl or a plate.

“All food thrown away by a servant is game  
God meant should be eaten by us ; ”  
For what would man do if no animals came,  
And gather’d his refuse, before it became  
A mass of corruptible pus ?

“But hearken, my son ; if you go like a thief,  
And scour a pantry or storehouse,  
You’ll surely be caught, to my horror and grief,  
And prove an example of wild unbelief,  
In a young and adventurous floor-mouse.”

“Oh, ma ! you are so very sober and prude,  
I am sure that the little I nibble  
Will never be miss’d—by my tail, it is good !  
And I wish I had more of such excellent food,  
In spite of your trap and your quibble.”

A week pass’d away, and this brave little  
mouse  
Was about to be married one night ;  
And down in a hole of a wall of the house,  
Were anxiously waiting the mother and spouse,  
And neighbors, all full of delight.

’Twas a chamber capacious, (at least they  
thought so,)  
Though two little glow-worms were found  
Quite enough to discover the feast, and a row  
Of mice, all impatiently waiting to know  
Why the bridegroom was not on the ground.

Meanwhile said his father, and glanced at the  
    “ A toast I propose,” rap-a-tap, [bride,  
They wetted their whiskers with cream as he  
        cried,  
“ Here’s the health of my son and his lady,”  
        and sigh’d,  
“ May he never be caught in a trap.”

Just then a great noise, and a kind of a squeak,  
Struck a feeling of terror in all ;  
The bride faintly fell on her side with a kick,  
And the mother in tears gave a terrible shriek,  
    And began for her darling to call.

So away they all crept down the stairs, one by  
    Along the dark hall, on the floor, [one,  
And just as the clock in the kitchen had done  
Striking twelve, they the pantry had won,  
    And were getting in under the door.

“ Ah me ! ” said a voice they all knew in a trice,  
    “ I am captur’d beneath a great trap ! ”  
“ And can’t you get out, any how ? ” said the  
        mice ;  
“ I warn’d you,” his mother bemoan’d, “ to be  
    And never risk such a mishap.” [wise,  
“ I was just coming home,” said the mouse from  
        his tomb,  
“ When I spied, at the end of a stick,  
Some nice toasted cheese, of delicious perfume,  
And thought what a treat for my bride’s supper  
    But never suspected the trick. [room,

“Three sticks, like a great figure four, lifted  
This ugly dark box, where beneath [high,  
Was the morsel so tempting, I could not but  
try,  
When down fell the cover, and poor little I  
Am doom’d for my folly to death.

“Ah mother! I wish I had listen’d to you,  
But now I must serve as a warning;  
And, all of my friends, if you care to eschew  
The fate I endure, go be honest and true,  
For I shall be killed in the morning !”

And so it turn’d out; at the first peep of day,  
A servant cried “Puss, do you want it ?”  
When a tortoise shell cat bit his head off in play,  
And ever since that, this same pantry, they say,  
Has ne’er been nocturnally haunted.

My moral is this: that the young should beware  
How they spurn the advice of a mother;  
Since often what seems very racy and rare,  
Is only the bait of some devilish snare,  
That may hurry them into a bother.

---

### The Silent Harp.

Oh! strike that silent harp again,  
Since she who taught it love  
Is gone to strike a golden strain,  
And sing in choirs above.

Oh ! strike, and see if still it rings,  
As when at eventide  
Her wooing fingers touch'd the strings,  
And they as soon replied.

For now in sullen grief it stands,  
And though the zephyrs move  
As softly o'er it as her hands,  
It cares not for their love.

Then strike that silent harp again,  
And when its chord replies,  
We will connect it with the strain  
She's singing in the skies.

---

### **Mianto's Child.**

An Indian Sachem and his band  
Held council on their hunting land ;  
Chiefs, braves, and prophets stood around,  
And in the midst a maiden bound.

Her cheek, half brown, half crimson gilt,  
Was deepen'd by the shame she felt,  
And oft her soft and quivering chin  
Told somewhat of a storm within.

About her neck were cluster'd strings  
Of pearly shells, and shining things,  
Which following down her knotted dress,  
Seem'd all her trembling to express.

Such was the captive girl arraign'd  
Before these warriors fiercely stain'd;  
And if ye shudder, ladies fair,  
Her little history to hear,  
Think how her heart—for it was soft,  
And felt as much as yours may oft—  
Sank down beneath its heavy load,  
Unaided by the Christian's God.

But I must tell you speedily  
Both how she came thus bound, and why :  
She was the daughter of a king,

At war with every neighboring chief,  
And from her earliest years could sing  
The war song of her father's fief;  
While all the braves with gestures wild,  
Would shout " long live Mianto's child."

It was her task to gather gum,  
To glaze her father's war canoe,  
Or pluck the pulpy grape and plum,  
To deck the supper of its crew ;  
And like a dark fring'd butterfly,  
She wander'd in and out the wood,  
Or fawn-like, listen'd with her eye,  
To the rare sounds of solitude.  
The birds all orange, blue and red,  
Flew round and round their playmate sweet,  
While many a beast that we should dread  
Came near and lay down at her feet ;  
And trees of a majestic growth  
Their canopies of verdant cloth

Held high between the gold day-king  
A shadow for the sylph below,  
And every fountain strove to sing,  
As she passed by, an "allegro."

One day the chariot of the sun,  
Midst rosy clouds wheel'd hotly down,  
And left th' astonish'd horizon.

She heard the evening hymn arise,  
From the broad lowlands to the skies,  
And bent her footsteps home.

She sang in unison a song,  
'Gainst those who did her father wrong,  
And loud it rang and echoed long,  
Up in the leafy dome.

But suddenly she held her breath,  
And listen'd silently as death—  
" 'Twas but a rabbit's flying foot,  
Or woodchuck digging for a root,  
Or ruddy robin's hop perchance,"  
She said, and put her foot t' advance—  
When lo ! before her rose a man  
Straight in the pathway to her clan,  
And for a moment each stood still,  
Like trees that grow on either hill.

His youth and nobleness, howe'er,  
Dispersed her half excited fear,  
As gentilesse always will.  
This was the birth day of their love :  
She often sought again the grove,  
And he was at her side ;  
He gather'd honey, bark and fruit,

And on a limb of willow put  
Fish struggling from the tide.  
There often they would linger late,  
And count the stars, or watch the moon  
Serenely climbing up heaven's street;  
And still to part it seemed too soon;  
So he would carry all her goods  
E'en to the boundary of the woods,  
But never to the camp's confine;  
And when she ask'd him, why he ~~eschew'd~~  
The wigwams of her father's feud,  
He said "they are no kin of mine."

'Twas now a nation made a swoop  
Upon the brave Mianto's rest,  
And mid the battle and the whoop,  
Took off what the old chief lov'd best.  
In vain the bravest of the braves,  
Gigantic, ~~shed~~ his blood in waves;  
In vain Mianto cleft the throng  
That bore ~~his~~ screaming child along,  
And hurl'd ~~his~~ club around ~~his~~ head,  
Descending with a fury dread,  
Laying the dead upon the dead:  
His foes leap'd on their steeds, and bore  
Their senseless prize the prairies o'er.

Such, gentle readers, was the wise  
Of this young Indian's miseries,  
Who stood a prisoner bound for trial,  
Before this savage ordeal.  
The village was beneath a hill,

And the dew fell both fast and chill ;  
Night chased the twilight, and behold—  
The council fire its flambeaux rolled,

High in the starry air ;  
And not a bead but could be told,  
Nor hair upon a garment's fold,  
So brilliant was the glare.

The olive maid beside it stood ;  
Long had she gazed o'er land and flood,  
From sunset when the rivers shone  
All colors of the precious stone,  
Where far beyond the plains she knew  
Her own celestial mountains blue,  
With vales beneath and woods above—  
All recogniz'd by dint of love.

She thought of her dear home afar,  
Till slowly rose the evening star,  
And then a tear, one, two and three,  
In spite of Indian apathy,  
Reflected it as each ran down  
Her pallid cheek of red and brown.  
But when the crackling fire awoke,  
And heaven reel'd back and forth in smoke,  
And upward flew the glittering rain,  
Her spirit proud returned again.  
She glanced upon her savage foes,  
With painted jaws and jewel'd nose,

Who sat in circles round,  
And if nobility of eye,  
Had been a sign of victory,  
She was the conqueror on the ground.

Thus while she look'd about, she met  
A most familiar countenance,  
It could not be, she thought, and yet  
Who ever could mistake his glance ?  
Her heart rose up into her throat,  
She would have spoken, but durst not.  
Again she look'd, he smil'd in love,  
And disappear'd into the grove—  
Meanwhile the ancient chief arose,  
And gave the arguments of those,  
Who fain would save her from the stake,  
For manhood's and their mother's sake ;  
And then of these whose friends were slain,  
Before the prisoner maid was ta'en,  
And cried for vengeance now,  
Long was their council and debate,  
To save the girl, or seal her fate—  
At length with frowning brow,  
Two ruffians drove a stake deep down,  
And tied the hapless maiden tight ;  
While many a warrior with a frown,  
Murmur'd at such a shameful sight.  
Too swiftly was the brushwood drawn,  
And autumn leaves in heaps were pil'd  
About her feet, upon the lawn,  
About Mianto's much lov'd child !  
And now they form'd into a ring,  
And 'gan to dance, and 'gan to sing,  
To drown the victim's cries ;  
They threw a torch the heap among,  
But while they sing the passing song,

And the torch flickering lies,  
A tramp of horses and a whoop  
Is heard, amid the speechless group ;  
What ? Where ? They part—the council fire  
Glares on the passage and the pyre,  
And shows a horseman lashing on  
A steed in light caparison ;  
Scattering the turf—they come ! they come !  
Already in a bath of foam ;  
He bounds into the circle wide,  
The Indian maiden is untied ;  
A moment more, she rides ! 'tis done !  
He vaults his own hot steed upon ;  
Away ! Away ! the camp, the wind,  
The swelling hills, they leave behind ;  
Away ! Away ! the Indian brave,  
Who dares his lovely foe to save ;  
Each bent and strok'd their noble beast,  
And set their nostrils to the East ;  
Nor ever did his nation hear  
Of their own warrior or of her.

---

#### Epitaph on a Hound.

Again the early bugles sound,  
But Warwick stirs not in the ground ;  
For death hath whistled him away,  
To join the pack beneath the clay.

Unkennel'd, he shall start no more,  
Though Reynard burrows at his door ;  
Nor huntsman's whip, nor heavy chain,  
Disturb his quiet rest again.

His master's will was his command,  
He lick'd his pleasures from his hand,  
Learnt all his gambols at his side,  
And only left it when he died.

Alive, he always jogg'd ahead,  
His master's willing steps to lead ;  
And now in death, as then of yore,  
Has only trotted on before.

---

### On the Bronx River.

Beneath the shade of spreading trees,  
Made vocal by the passing breeze,  
Sweet Bronx ! thy stream pursues its way ;  
Now rippling as in sportive play,  
Now bubbling o'er its bed of stone,  
Now gliding silently along,  
Murmuring soft music to the ear,  
Which they alone who feel it hear ;  
While Nature seeks thy charms to prove  
By all the beauties of the grove,  
Planting thy shore with stately trees,  
Whose foliage shields thee from the breeze,  
And who, enamor'd of thy charms,  
Stoop to embrace thee in their arms.  
Often, upon the rustic seat  
Thy bank affords, I seek retreat

From Phœbus' ray, whose scorching power  
Proclaims to earth the noontide hour.  
Glad to forsake the toilsome plough,  
To bathe my limb and heated brow,  
Then lay me down to watch thy stream,  
As lighted by some passing gleam  
It sparkles, hurrying swiftly on,  
To pools where sunshine is unknown,  
And where the trout, in waters deep,  
Their constant watch for insects keep,  
*Here* rising to the water's edge,  
*There* hiding 'neath the floating sedge ;  
Or yonder see the squirrels climb  
Each mossy tree, from limb to limb,  
As, busy in pursuit of food,  
They gather nuts to feed their brood ;  
Or laying up for winter store,  
Each nook they scan, each leaf explore,  
When if you chance to raise your hand  
They scamper off, then turning stand,  
Till grown familiar with the sight,  
No movement urges them to flight.  
Or listen to the blithsome note  
Of melody, that seems to float  
Upon thy stream, so deep and long,  
Some passing thrush's idle song,  
As whistling on some bough he sings,  
With swelling throat and flapping wings.  
'Tis here apart from haunts of man,  
I love the works of God to scan,  
And in thy flowing stream to trace  
His bounty to a thankless race ;

So constant, and so free to all,  
Supplying **every** creature's call;  
Would that like *thee* my life was spent,  
Bestowing good where'er I went;  
Like *thee* no other care to know,  
But scatt'ring blessings as I go;  
Like *thee*, so soft, so pure, so bright,  
Reflecting Nature's matchless light,  
Clear as the summer morning's sky,  
Calm as the evening's closing eye;  
Like *thee*, the fav'rite of the vale,  
Where thirsty flocks thy coming hail;  
Like *thee*, ne'er resting on my way,  
Ne'er loitering with the flowers to play,  
But ever toiling to attain  
Some fruitful vale, some distant plain.

As now, Sweet Bronx! in artless verse,  
To others I *thy* praise rehearse,  
*Then* should some friend to truth and song  
*My* useful life, in verse prolong,  
In echoes soft, each hill and dale  
My deeds relate, my death bewail.

---

#### A Mether to her Child.

Thou art a gift from God to me,  
My precious child! my lamb! my dove!  
And in thy hand, and voice, and eye,  
I feel, and hear, and see His love.



Thou art my heritage ; broad lands  
Lie on thy shoulders, bars of gold  
Thine arms are, and thy little hands  
Weave spider webs that me enfold.

No more I care for chains to deck,  
Or gems upon my breast to shine,  
While thy dear arms are round my neck,  
And I can say "those eyes are mine."

Thy laugh 's my sun, thy tears my dew,  
And sweeter is thine unknown tongue  
Than voices, all the summer through,  
Of birds that sing the sweetest song.

Thou art a gift from God to me,  
My precious child ! my lamb ! my dove !  
And in thy hand, and voice, and eye,  
I feel, and hear, and see His love.

---

### The Sea Shore.

Oh ! the *sight* of the Sea, with its long blue line  
Around the horizon, from East to West,  
Where the base of the color'd clouds decline,  
And the sun and the sails are going to rest.

Oh ! the *sound* of the Sea, as its swelling waves  
Exhaust themselves on the sandy shore,  
Or eternally wash in and out of the caves,  
With an ebbing sigh and a flowing roar.

Oh! the *spray* of the Sea, over pebble and  
shell,

As it dashes, and drowns the streaming rock,  
And then runs back to the waves to tell  
How fresh and shining the wet things look.

Oh the *scent* of the Sea, of the salt and weed,  
While the happy zephyr assails your breast,  
And you drink it in as a prairie steed  
Snuffs up the water or wind of the West.

Oh! I love to walk by the sea sublime, [trees,  
And would sometimes give up the hills and  
And the song of birds, for the ocean's chime,  
And the inland calm for this buoyant breeze.

---

### Ronan and Ella.

By the rocky Rhine is the ancient gate  
Of a castle, of which we know  
But the owner's name, and fame, and fate,  
For he liv'd "long time ago."

His *name* was Ronan, his *fame* you shall hear,  
And his *fate* is my story to be;  
Which teaches you all to live in fear,  
For such sorrow may happen to ye.

Young Ronan sat in his father's hall,  
At the ebb of eventide;  
And he look'd o'er valley, and river, and fall,  
From the niche of a window wide.



As he sat alone he heard a song,  
From the vineyards below the gate;  
It was not loud, and it was not long,  
But oh ! 'twas the sweeter for that !

He look'd below, and a maiden came,  
With her grapes upon her head,  
He knew her well, for he knew her name,  
"Good night, fair Ella," he said.

And soon it became the village talk,  
Of Ronan and Ella's love;  
And how they were seen to sit and walk,  
By the moon's light in a grove.

But when his father heard of it,  
He cried "Oh Ronan, why  
Will you marry a poor and lowborn chit,  
And dishonor your family ?

" Of such a whim, I'll have you free,"  
(And he shook his heavy hand,)  
" For you shall go as esquire to me,  
On a journey to the Holy Land."

Young Ronan bow'd to the noble knight,  
And he thought of the Saracen,  
And how he should love in his armor bright,  
To charge in his father's train.

But oh ! when the hour came that he  
Had to leave his Ella alone,  
'Twas like the tearing away a tree,  
From the place where it had grown.

Yet it must be so, and they vow'd again  
To be to each other true ;  
And then it began to thunder and rain,  
So they kiss'd and bade adieu !

Thus Ronan went, but left his heart,  
And the more 's the pity you'll see ;  
For true it is that when lovers part,  
They seldom meet happily.

Fair Ella went to her home and wept,  
For now half her bliss was gone ;  
And now she was never happy, except  
In one little spot alone—

The spot where they parted—and there at  
She came and knelt down in prayer ; [night  
When the earth was brown and the stars were  
Fair Ella was sure to be there— [bright,

To pray for him over land and sea,  
How she flew like a wounded bird,  
When the wind was rough in the walnut tree,  
Or of wrecks or of battles she heard !

It happen'd one day that an aged priest,  
When the West was glowing with red,  
And the stars were peeping out of the East,  
Return'd from a sick man's bed—

And he said, in a manner melancholy,  
" Ah ! where does my child repair,  
And never now enter the chapel holy,  
At the solemn hour of prayer ? "

She answer'd him, " Father, I go to pray  
In the temple not made with hands,  
For a brave Crusader, far away,  
With our princes in Holy Land."

Days fled away, and news arriv'd  
That Sir Ronan's band was slain,  
And of all his retinue none surviv'd,  
To sail back to Venice again.

Poor Ella sank when she heard the tale,  
And many a sun roll'd round,  
Or ever the girl so sad and pale,  
Was again in the village found.

Now beneath the village, and on an isle,  
And on the dark waters below,  
A convent seem'd to reflect its smile,  
Like a friend upon human woe.

And the priest who so often Ella met,  
One evening in pitiful mood,  
Directed her eye to the convent, set  
In the midst of the island wood.

" There is peace," said the priest, " for a broken  
But not in the ways of men; [heart,  
There is peace to those who the world depart,  
And turn to their God again.

Then Ella felt a kind of spell,  
Which she long had ceas'd to feel;  
'Twas like the dew upon the vale,  
Or the breeze upon the hill.

And the very next day she became a nun,  
A nun of St. Mary's pale ;  
And of all that had enter'd, was never one  
Like Ella the fair and the frail.

And the very next day arriv'd a knight,  
At the ancient castle gate ;  
'Twas young Ronan, clad in his armor bright,  
To tell of his father's fate.

How all were slain, save himself alone,  
And he had been prisoner close,  
Till the Turks by the Templars were over-  
And the Christians all let loose. [thrown,

When Ronan heard what Ella had done,  
He said he should go and stand  
And watch on the hill, in the rain and the sun,  
That looks o'er St. Mary's land.

But lo ! as he went he heard a knell,  
And saw all the sisters file,  
From the convent with a funeral,  
To the farther end of the isle.

And when he ask'd who was dead, and they  
Said "Ella, the beautiful nun ;"  
Then Ronan arose and went away,  
At the setting of the sun.

And soon the castle tower and wall  
Were struck by a lightning stroke ;  
And old Time into the roof of the hall,  
And the rest of the chambers, broke.

And now there is nothing left but the gate,  
And the end of the hall so long,  
With the window wide, where Ronan sat,  
When he first heard Ella's song.

---

### Life and Death.

What is Life ? A long pursuit ;  
What is Death ? The end of day ;  
Weary is the hunter's foot,  
And he taketh not the prey.

Happiness can fly, and climb,  
Light of foot as mountain roe,  
She is on the top sublime,  
He is always lost below.

Then the shadows fall around,  
And his weapons break with fear,  
While he rests beneath the ground,  
Far from happiness as e'er.

---

### The Unknown Indian's Grave.

There stands a tree in Pelham's bounds,  
And long that tree has stood ;  
With knotted limb it sternly frowns—  
The Father of the Wood.

The summer's sun was setting red,  
And rising was the tide;  
When lo ! an Indian lean'd his head  
Against its giant side.

And as he look'd from shore to shore,  
And then from sea to sky,  
He groan'd as pants a hunted boar,  
That knows not where to fly.

Then through the woods a whoop arose ;  
A dark band came that way,  
For like a hound the Indian knows  
When he is near his prey.

And long that bloody band had sought  
The Indian by the tree,  
And loud they shouted as they thought  
To seize their enemy.

He heard the yell, as one who knew  
Those foes to death were sworn,  
And as they burst upon his view,  
He smil'd at them in scorn.

And forth he drew a feather'd dart,  
And looking once on high,  
Struck his own ever-dauntless heart,  
And laid him down to die.

His foes rush'd on, all painted o'er,  
And yell'd to find him dead ;  
His scalp with bloody hand they tore,  
And left him as he laid.

And soon the little Indians came,  
The unknown chief to see,  
And buried him without a name,  
Beneath the giant tree.

The thrushes seem to know the spot;  
As every year rolls round,  
They chirp their melancholy note  
Upon his silent mound.

And when the wintry day grows dim,  
And birds forsake the glade,  
You hear the old tree mourn for him  
Who sleeps beneath its shade.



### The Bee.—A Sonnet.

Is not the Bee a little merchantman?  
Are not the fields oceans, where he doth sail,  
With music on his deck? soft south winds fan  
And waft him to his ports; sweet flowers exhale  
His cargo, or rich trees, saffron and gum—  
Thus trafficking along a bank of sweets,  
Zigzag, touching and tasting all, from some  
He loads his little thigh with golden grits.  
What a free trade is his! from isle to isle,  
From lilac Teneriffes, by coasts of May,  
To Archipelagos of clover! Guile  
Ne'er stains his barter, quarrel or delay,  
But suddenly wheeling as the sun descends,  
He seeks his city-gates, and mingles with his  
friends.

## Stanzas on a Tear.

There is a tear, and it steals to the eye,  
Like the first bright beam to the morning sky;  
Or a drop of dew, at the evening hour,  
To the quiet cup of a modest flower.

'Tis a spring that from feeling only flows,  
And side by side with a smile it goes;  
For even the tender flowers of bliss  
Must be water'd by tears, in a world like this.

But there is a tear, and it steals to the eye,  
With a sudden pang and a heavy sigh,  
As with trembling limb, the affrighted deer  
Bounds from his silent and shady lair.

It springs from the broken bowl of grief,  
When the spirit pants for some sure relief;  
And pleads unheard by the outward ear,  
In the still small voice of a trembling tear.

We weep, but there lieth a land of rest,  
Where the sons of sorrow are ever blest,  
Where angels sing, thro' eternal day,  
And all our tears shall be wiped away.

---

## The Origin of Katydid-ism.

'Tis said, when the world had a juvenile brow,  
And lawyers were scarce, (as I wish they  
were now,)  
That a fairy, well known as an impudent elf,  
Form'd a daring design to make queen of herself.

The spark of rebellion soon grew to a flame,  
And Katy, (for that was the naughty one's  
name,)

Was almost a queen, when a sly little chatter  
Flew up to head quarters and told the whole  
matter.

Poor Kate was arrested, and sent to be tried,  
And counsel engaged, to defend either ~~side~~,  
Who popp'd into court, with a smirk and a  
bow,  
In jackets of green, like the katydids now.

But instead of an eloquent, able defence,  
They only established their own want of sense;  
For all they could say was just what they said,  
"Katy didn't, she didn't," "Katy did, Kady  
did!"

So the queen took exception, and ended the  
sport,  
By ordering the counsellors out of the court,  
Who instantly flew to a tree thereabout,  
And determined to have the whole argument  
out.

But they never agreed, though night after  
night  
They argued the case, for each thought him-  
self right;  
And their sons and their daughters each took  
to their side,  
And swore Katy didn't, or else Katy did

The world has grown old, and that tribe pass'd  
away,  
But new generations have sprung from their  
clay,  
And caught the infection, that lives with their  
race,  
Of arguing Katy's unfortunate case.  
And now, every summer, as evening draws  
near,  
From pine, oak and elm tree, you're certain to  
hear  
"Katy did!" "Katy didn't!" till indignant  
you cry,  
"You rascals, sure one of you is telling a lie!"

---

#### The Fourth of July, 1843.

If dear to us, who down the vale of years  
Dwell farther yet, the face of Peace appears ;  
If precious still her sight is, and her song,  
Though constant known, and undisturb'd so  
long ;  
Oh ! think, ye thoughtless children that remain,  
Ye happy maids, and ye inactive men !  
How welcome to the Fathers of our land,  
Came her white sail to their dishearten'd  
strand,  
Came peace and plenty, after war and dearth  
Threw a live coal on the domestic hearth ;  
Shone through each door, and shower'd fruits  
And banish'd every enemy but sin. [within,

Hail ! mighty shades, whose mighty suns have  
set,

Whose work is done, who slumber and forget;  
Ye in your couches rest, nor hear nor heed,  
The tread of people, nor the tramp of steed;  
Nor shout, nor martial music, more shall rouse  
The still inhabitant from his narrow house.  
Nor would we dare disturb, forgive the intent  
That adds so little to your monument;  
Yet while we feel that every foot of ground  
Where heroes slumber, needs must be re-  
nown'd;

Loud we congratulate the land whose dust  
Contains alike the noble and the just;  
Ne'er may her Eagle, like the Roman, fly  
Far from her native mountains, and her sky,  
But rather guard, with all she loves so well,  
Such brave old bones as in her valleys dwell.

'Twas theirs to labor ; liberty was ne'er  
Bought but with blood, and sacrifice sincere ;  
'Tis ours to inherit what their deeds endow,  
And where they fought, to follow with the  
plough ;

The fields contain our history ; there are laid  
The Indian arrow-head and stony blade ;  
There Sachems sit beneath the rising ground,  
With half their dark devoted tribe around,  
Whose beautiful ornaments of bark and bead,  
Are scatter'd o'er the land like self-sown seed.  
The fields contain our history ; in the loam  
That lies in shallower surface round our home,

Each shining share, through every fallow field,  
Bids the brown furrows later trophies yield.  
Beneath some heap of stones, rusty and dull,  
Lies freedom's sword beside a foreign skull,  
And balls and bullets dropp'd by men of war,  
Reveal the track of her magnificent car ;  
Mementos of those long-extinguish'd fires,  
Memorials of our lion hearted sires.

And this is man, and thus his passions die,  
And friend and foe beside each other lie,  
And all remains, is but the cruel dart  
That pierc'd his own, or reach'd his brother's  
heart;

All that remains, unless a country give  
A name to those who died that she may live,  
And with immortal sculpture fill her dome,  
Till in her own Pantheon she might rival Rome.

'Twas theirs to labor ; and 'tis ours to cease,  
And hail the kingdom of the God of Peace ;  
The spear so sharp, the sword so bright with  
use,

Now overturn the soil, or sap the juice ;  
O'er the dark distance sets the morning star,  
Nations shall now forget the art of war,  
And many an Ethiopia dark with sin,  
Soon stretch her hands to God and change her  
skin,

And lo ! to *our* lot what pleasant places fall,  
Yea ! what a goodly heritage have all,  
While to preserve them, and possess'd enjoy,

With fear of God, who makes and can destroy;  
What bright examples stand in grand array,  
And move again on this particular day !  
Oh ! may it never be our sin and shame,  
T' abuse their blessing or disgrace their name !

---

### Nature Lives !

Nature lives ! the *air* above  
Fluctuates with a thousand wings ;  
There all shapes and hues of things  
Sing and sport, and live and love.

See ! upon a summer's sky,  
Swallows sailing every where ;  
While the pigeons cleave the air,  
And the crows are travelling by.

Nature lives ! the *earth* beneath,  
Like a map of fields and streams,  
With abundant produce teems,  
Herbage grows, and creatures breathe.

Every tree, and glade, and wood,  
Every root, and leaf, and flower,  
Has an interest in the shower,  
And then grows for gratitude.

Oh ! how wonderful to hail,  
Hills alive with fleecy flocks,  
And the conveys of the rocks,  
While the cattle fill the vale.

Nature lives ! the *waters* are  
Full of animalculæ ;  
Liquid drops are no more free,  
Than our elemental air.

In the salt, eternal green  
Of the ocean's boundless swell,  
Million fish, and serpents dwell,  
Million glutinous things are seen.

Deem not ocean waste, where go  
Spouting whales towards the North ;  
While the porpoises in froth  
Roll, and dolphins glide below.

All things in the earth and sea,  
Or in heaven's triumphal span,  
All things save the soul of man,  
Oh ! great God ! are full of thee !

---

Song.

Oh ! what in the world 's a young lady to do,  
When gentlemen flatter, and will not be true ?  
Why her's is the fault ; she can easily mend,  
For lovers won't say what they think will offend.

And what in the world 's a young lady to do,  
When offers pour in, (advantageous ones too,)  
Why, let her reflect that her worth must be  
And fix on the one that is worthy of her. [clear,

Well, what in the world 's a young lady to do,  
When a gentleman takes a long season to woo?  
Why, if he 's so foolish, it never need fret her,  
The longer he hesitates, so much the better.

But what in the world 's a young lady to do,  
When she 's sighing to find that no gentlemen  
woo?

Why, let her reflect how much better *her* lot,  
Than girls who are sighing with those they  
have got.

---

#### Colin.—A Pastoral.

A shepherd was watching his sheep—  
A well favor'd youth to behold;  
His *eyes* were as blue as the blue of the deep,  
His *cheeks* were as red as the red of his lip,  
And his *hair* was the color of gold.

'Twas a beautiful morning in May,  
And the lambs were all over the sward,  
While a rusty brown dog look'd intent on their  
play,  
Or with sly circumvention forbad them to stray,  
And panting return'd to his lord.

He lay on his back in the sun,  
With a green daisied valley before him;  
The white and red clover he suck'd with his  
tongue,  
And counted the dazzling white clouds, one  
by one,  
As they travers'd the pure regions o'er him.

Do you wonder he soon fell asleep ?

Wh~~ose~~ couch with the hare-bell was lin'd,  
Wh~~om~~ the drowsy heath-bee, in its circular  
sweep,

Becalm'd, and the many ton'd bells of the  
sheep,

And the pensive assault~~s~~ of the wind ?

He had not been long in repose,

When a maiden ascended the hill ;

In her bosom she carried the bud of a rose,

Her face was in shadow half down to her nose;

She look'd on the youth and stood still.

Poor Colin ! he 'gan to rub his eyes,

And his heart all around, up and down,

For he dream'd that himself and his flock to the  
skies

Were transpos'd, and an angel in heavenly  
guise

Look'd down, which awoke him anon.

They say, but I know not the truth,

In the back~~of~~ of a damosel's eye [sooth,

Lives a pretty but mischievous boy, who for-

With a bow and an arrow will dart at the youth

Who but dares to look in and espy.

Well, scarce had the shepherd awoke,

Than the wicked thing feather'd a dart,

The maiden glanc'd once from her red hooded  
cloak,

The eyes of poor Colin winc'd under the stroke,

And long ach'd his diffident heart !

## Carlo's Tale.

Poor Carlo was an aged dog,  
A very handsome setter ;  
He sat before the blazing log,  
No one could do it better ;  
And when upon the table spread,  
There chanc'd to be a quail,  
No matter though the bird was dead,  
His scent would never fail,  
But pointing, straight before his nose,  
In silence he would sit,  
And if he did but chance to doze,  
Would dream of hunting it.

He was the hero of a tail,  
The source of all his glory ;  
It made the very woodcocks quail,  
And all their feathers gory ;  
And when it sometimes ceas'd to play,  
Or hung with graceful bend,  
Some puppy, passing by, would say  
The wag was near his end.

Of hearing he was rather hard,  
And rather hard of seeing ;  
And though he was not often scared,  
He oft was caught a fleeing ;  
His teeth had long been worn away,  
And so when he was fed,  
Because he could not grind, they say,  
He bolted it instead.

His trunk, so very large and round,  
Had lost its youthful sap ;  
And tho' there still some bark was found,  
'Twas leaving the old chap ;  
His wonted fire was almost gone,  
And with its ardent flaming,  
His sparkling days had fled anon,  
And all his love for gaming.

And now beneath the grassy lea,  
He's lying in his bed,  
A setter while he lived was he,  
A lier, now he's dead.

---

### The Evening Dew.

So sad a thing is sin,,  
That if yourself should view  
Eve's silver ewer within.  
'Twould taint the drops of dew.

And so at twilight hour,  
Eve wanders in the wood,  
And washes every flower,  
And christens every bud.

But if a foot pass by,  
She hides herself and cruet ;  
And this is therefore why  
We never see her do it.

**The Pains of Memory.**

I often build a hut,  
Beside a running rill,  
And round about it put  
An undulating hill:—

And flowers and fruitful trees,  
And deep romantic wood;  
With busy birds and bees,  
To break the solitude.

But what were hut, or lea,  
Or musing rivulet,  
Or upland crown'd with tree,  
Unless I could forget?

For even while I said,  
“I shall be happy here,”  
The memory of the dead,  
Would every where appear.

And all, like some bright dream,  
When we awake to woe,  
Would make me sadder seem,  
Because contrasted so.

---

**Lady Mellent.—A Ballad.****PART I.**

Fair Lady Mellent, and her maid,  
Kept watch upon the castle tower;  
“Ah! he will never come,” she said,  
“Before to-morrow’s fatal hour!

“Two years ago, this pallid hand,  
Wav’d the brave Eustace a farewell ;  
When bound to fight in Holy Land,  
He fasten’d on his shield and shell.

“Ah ! happy maids of Palestine,  
T’ have been the objects of his glance !  
Ah ! happy Moslems, to have lain  
The prisoners of his lusty lance !

“But where is he ? Say, balmy wind,  
That from the East full sail doth blow,  
Oh ! tell me, for my eyes are blind,  
With watching and with weeping so.

“Hath he of all the squires done best ?  
And hath he yet a gilt spur on ?  
Wears he my glove upon his crest—  
My chain about his habergeon ?

“And is he now aboard some bark,  
Whose foaming bow nears Cambria’s shore ?  
I hear a sound ; what is it ? Hark !  
’Tis but the distant Severn’s roar.

“He vowed upon his bended knee,  
That ere twelve moons should wax and  
He would come back and marry me ; [wane,  
And now I know that he is slain.”

She ate not of her morning meal,  
But wetted all her bread with tears,  
And blam’d her maid’s importunate zeal,  
In reasoning with her foolish fears.

“Sweet lady,” said the anxious girl,

“Brave Eustace cannot but be true;  
Pray let me braid your drooping curl,  
And clasp your golden threaded shoe—

“The tournament begins at ten;

And now the bells are striking seven;”  
Fair Lady Mellent sigh’d again,  
And rais’d her moisten’d eyes to Heaven.

“Nay, Lady, dear! I dream’d last night,  
That your true love was on the sea!  
And old Dame Haze, by double sight,  
Says he will come and rescue thee.

“And more than all, the page you sent,  
Would have return’d to us ere this,  
Had he not met with some content,  
And found him whom you so much miss.”

“I fear, I fear, nathless,” replied  
The lady, “and if Eustace stay,  
Know that I shall become Death’s bride,  
And not Lord Morris’s, to-day.”

---

#### PART II.

Young Eustace was a noble squire,  
Whom Lady Mellent long had lov’d,  
Till old Lord Morris to her sire  
Spake, that the squire should be remov’d.

Then Eustace took her vow of truth,  
And sail'd away in search of fame,  
To Holy Land, where to his ruth,  
A sorry captive he became.

Not but that he had fought full well,  
And from his king the gilt spur won ;  
But in a mad melee he fell,  
Unhors'd, among a score to one.

The Saracens admir'd their foe,  
His beauty, youth and strength of limb ;  
And those on whom he'd dealt a blow,  
For that, return'd it not on him.

So Eustace was a prisoner close,  
While slowly turn'd the rolling year ;  
No ransom for the Knight of the Cross,  
No hopes of an exchange appear.

At length, one night, (his nights were long,)  
As he was gazing at a star,  
He thought he heard a well-known song,  
Distinct, though faint, and sweet, tho' far.

It was a chanson he had heard,  
And oft, as Lady Mellent play'd  
Upon her virginals, he'd aver'd  
It was the sweetest sound e'er made.

Again it fell upon his ear,  
He started, for it now was nigh ;  
He look'd, and lo ! a page drew near,  
And in the moonshine stood hard by.

“Eustace,” quoth he, “now pray thee haste,  
My Lady Mellent bade me come,  
And search all Christendom and the East,  
Until I found thee ! hurry home !

“Her sire is dead ; his will declar’d  
That on her approaching natal day,  
A tournament should be prepar’d,  
For Europe’s noblest knights to play.

“Fair Lady Mellent is to be  
The Queen of Love and Beauty there,  
And whoso conquers, for his fee,  
Hath her, of Whittington the heir.

“Now well you know Lord Morris’ skill,  
And how he loves, and how she hates ;  
There are but ten days left us still ;  
Oh ! hurry to our castle gates ! ”

Sir Eustace frown’d and bit his lip,  
“Go, minstrel ! take your harp and sing,  
Into the Sultan’s presence step,  
Tell all, and instant answer bring.”

The Sultan had a noble heart ;  
The page’s voice and earnestness,  
And music, (for he lov’d the art,)  
All mov’d him from his wonted ways.

“Go, boy,” he said ; “I shall pass by  
The ransom of six hundred marks ;  
This jewel, (’twas my turban’s eye,)  
Take, and the swiftest of my barks ;

“ And take the noblest Arab steed  
My stables yield, caparison'd,  
And bid Sir Eustace fortunes speed  
Across the ocean, and beyond ! ”

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## PART III.

The rising sun beheld a sight,  
Of vast magnificence and glory ;  
All Salop Plains with tents shone white,  
All England knew the lady's story.

The castle towers of Whittington,  
With banners waving in the wind,  
Show'd boldly on the horizon,  
And Wales' blue mountains rose behind.

The trumpets flourish ! See ! She comes !  
The Lady Mellent slowly pass'd,  
Amid the deafening bass of drums,  
And silver clarion's shriller blast.

Beneath a high-wrought canopy,  
She sat, the loveliest of the land ;  
And truly not a knight could be  
Unwilling to have gain'd her hand.

Sir Hugh de Lacy, Chester's lord,  
Was constable, and by her stood ;  
And many a gallant, witty word,  
He spake, that she ne'er understood.

High galleries all full there were,  
Of people, like a moving sea,  
And lords and ladies rich and fair,  
And pages, and stout yeomanry.

“T’ achievements, arm ! ” the herald cried,  
“Sir knights and squires behold the field ! ”  
And many a trumpeter replied,  
And many bosom beat, though steel’d.

A stately knight, in armor black,  
Rode round the lists, ’mid deafening shout,  
“Lord Morris doth defy attack ! ”  
Sir Hugh de Lacy shouted out.

Knight after knight came forth to fight,  
From Wales, and Normandy, and France,  
Who wounded went, or died outright,  
Before Lord Morris’ heavy lance.

And when again the hero rode,  
As erst, around and round the list,  
No more a rival pennon flow’d,  
’Gainst such great prowess to persist.

Ah ! Lady Mellent, how she wept,  
Within her gorgeous veil of snow,  
And thought how Eustace would accept  
The challenge, if he did but know.

The constable arose to give  
The wreath of laurel, and the prize,  
When bugle notes were heard t’ arrive,  
And dust rose upward to the skies.

A moment more, a knight in steel,  
On an Arabian, reeking white,  
Dash'd thro' the throng, and with a wheel,  
Touch'd the black shield of Morris' knight.

"T' achievments, knights!" the herald sang;  
"Sound trumpets! onset, once, twice, thrice!"  
The knights met midway, and loud rang  
Each breastplate, and shook each device.

They reel'd and pass'd, and each address'd  
His steed, and met midway again;  
Nor eye nor thought could trace the rest,  
'Twas like a sweeping hurricane.

The nice mouth'd Arab, as they clash'd,  
So swerv'd his rider, that the spear  
Of hot Lord Morris, sloping, flash'd,  
And flew off in its wild career.

The tall Crusader, like a rock,  
Rode to the course's end, unhelm'd,  
Lord Morris bent before the shock,  
And horse and rider were o'erwhelm'd.

Shouts mocking thunder rent the heaven,  
The music scarce was heard, much less  
The groans by dying Morris given,  
As he lay low and motionless.

They say, when Lady Mellent spied,  
The strange Crusader's flying hair,  
She cried and laugh'd, and laugh'd and cried,  
As though her wits were gone from her.

Then peal'd the bells of Whittington,  
And the young page, the minstrel boy,  
Who had such goodly service done,  
Sang till he almost died for joy.

Thus brave Sir Eustace, by his spear,  
Won a domain and lady too ;  
Which teaches ladies all who hear,  
To be like Lady Mellent, true.

---

### Virtue.

Hail, Virtue ! child of Heaven !  
By thee, to us is given,  
Peace beyond measure ;  
To follow where thou leadest,  
To do whate'er thou biddest,  
That is true pleasure.

Thou a pure temple art,  
In thee I place my heart,  
Since Christ is there ;  
Wash'd in his precious blood,  
Taken by him to God,  
The foul is fair.

---

### The Past Recalled,

I never feel the wind  
Upon my happy face,  
But it has brought to mind  
Some very pleasant place.

A meadow or a moor,  
With th' horizon round about,  
And long grass growing o'er  
The walls of a redoubt.

A pavement, where the press  
Walk'd in the sunny light,  
And by me wav'd a dress,  
A dress of pink and white.

A fountain and a flower,  
Both issuing from a rock ;  
A hill, at th' evening hour,  
With an ascending flock.

A cliff, where lazily laid,  
I saw the sea was round ;  
And "Oh ! great God !" I said,  
"How is yon globular bound ?"

A library and fire,  
Where winter rag'd without ;  
And floods were swelling higher,  
And winds came with a shout.

A day of loosen'd rills,  
The first sure day of Spring,  
When all the vales and hills  
Melt, and the woodlands ring.

A honeysuckle hedge ;  
A windmill, moving round ;  
A path by the wheat's edge ;  
A plough in the brown ground.

A wet and windy day,  
When I was out at sea,  
And took the saline spray  
As it came over me.

A mountain, white and blue ;  
A valley, blue and green ;  
A river rushing through,  
With an incessant din.

A chamber and late lamp,  
When dreaming watch-dogs growl'd,  
And north winds cold and damp,  
Around a buttress howl'd.

'Tis thus by day or night,  
In memory's tower of time,  
The wind with its soft might  
Can ring a pleasant chime.

But ah ! or ere the breeze  
Has blown a moment more,  
The harmonies all cease,  
The images are o'er.

And when for the dead's sake,  
I ask where they are gone ;  
'Tis like Avernus' lake,  
That fowl ne'er flutters on.

**The Infant School.**

When in their Creator's praise,  
Children sing, 'tis sweeter far,  
Than all Nature's choicest lays,  
Or all songs beside them are.

Then their angels stoop and say,  
As they wander through the skies,  
Offer'd up on earth to-day,  
There is some sweet sacrifice.

---

**Song.**

When you see a girl carry her fortune in lace,  
To make up in silk what she's wanting in grace,  
Though she smiles sweet as honey, and sighs  
to her fan,  
She will never go off, she's a flash in the pan.  
When you hear a man talking of billets and  
beaux,  
How much he has spent, and how little he owes,  
Though he plead and persuade like an honester  
man,  
Presume it's not true, he's a flash in the pan.  
When an enemy seeks to provoke you to rage,  
And strives by his slander your tongue to en-  
gage,  
Keep quiet, and smile if you possibly can,  
'Twill all end in smoke, 'tis a flash in the pan.

But beware of those rogues who in silence  
and peace,  
Lay siege to your heart, when your heart is at  
ease ;  
Whenever such fire, they're sure of their man,  
And the bullet is felt ere the flash in the pan.

---

**The Sweetest and the Saddest.**

Alas ! that all the sweetest things  
Which man has ever said or sung,  
Have issued from desponding wings,  
And from an unintentional tongue.

The sweetest is the saddest throe  
Of *Philomel*, that like true prayer,  
Comes pouring forth from nights of woe  
And out of thickets of despair.

'Twas when the dews of death were pour'd  
On the pale pillow of *Mozart*,  
That from his moaning harpsichord,  
Arose th' astonishment of art !

'Twas while the hand of woe and want  
On *Couper* or *Coreggio* press'd  
That the "divine" became extant,  
And the most "sensitive" express'd !

Alas ! too and for those who feel  
So deeply that they cannot rest,  
They seem to soothe themselves so well,  
The world forgets they are distress'd.

How few who touch the color'd chord,  
Or scan a statue or a verse,  
Think of their *cost*, like ointment pour'd  
On the fulfilment of the *curse*.

The dreams of art, when they are told,  
Sound well and even wondrous seem,  
While he who dream'd them p'rhaps is cold;  
He was *disturb'd*, and hence his *dream*!

And so alas ! who does not know,  
That sweetest things the saddest are,  
Because they come from nights of woe,  
And out of thickets of despair ?



#### Song—Oh ! I've a Secret.

Oh ! I've a secret in my head,  
And my heart knows it 's true,  
I whisper it every night in bed,  
But I may not tell it you ;  
For it 's a sweet secret,  
And a sworn secret,  
And worth the knowing, too.

But oh ! I hope some summer's day  
The bells will ring and shout,  
And then each inquisitive body  
Will know what it 's about ;  
But it 's a sweet secret,  
And a sworn secret,  
And I must not let it out.

Then keep it close, my happy heart,  
For somebody knows it's true,  
And when I and this secret part,  
I shall have to part with you;  
For it's a sweet secret,  
And a sworn secret,  
And worth the knowing, too.

---

### Mont Blanc.

Written in the Vale of Chamouny, at the Cross of La Flégère.

Thou, most majestic mountain! bas'd on earth,  
And pil'd to heaven! witness of the moon's  
Sister to Jamutri, when rains the flooded [birth],  
Ganges! Sister to Cotopaxi hooded!  
Twin born with Atlas, or the aerial peak  
Vex'd by sea storms, which far-off sailors seek!  
Thou, that art one of them, of form sublime,  
Pyramidal, from the beginning of time;  
Nature's cathedrals, whose tall tow'rs aspire,  
Whose tempests preach, whose avalanches  
    quire,  
Rob'd in primeval snows on Eden's west,  
And with the very flood-marks on thy breast,  
Gigantic mass! whose summit, dazzling white,  
Deepens the azure at yon wondrous height,  
Above the clouds, above our world, and us,  
Shining superior, and self-luminous! [bear  
And ye, young mountains, that surround and  
The "Sovran Alp" into the vaporous air,

O'er all the chain ; ye, who in silent awe,  
Watch day and night, alternately withdraw,  
With all the hosts of heaven, but little ken  
Of what may chance to kingdoms or to men !  
Ye peaks ! that pierce the galleries of cloud,  
Ye glaciers green ! ye torrents rushing loud !  
Ye little pines ! that like a people climb  
Just to the foot in worship all sublime ! [song,  
Thou, Vale of Chamouny ! mid flower and  
Where rolls and roars the milky Arve along ;  
All, all must perish, and but God endure,  
Since man has sinn'd, ye are not counted pure ;  
No, nor the spotless snow, nor ether thin,  
That see, or hear, or minister to sin.  
Time ripens the event, and yet I hear  
A still small voice engage my mournful ear.  
Up where the chamois dents the scatter'd  
snow,

(The 'minish'd vale a thousand feet below,)  
Behold ! a cross, upon its ledge of green,  
Shines like a rainbow, o'er a gloomy scene—  
Itself most insignificantly small,  
Worn of the weather and inclin'd to fall ;  
Yet, as an emblem of the cross of grace,  
Not without mighty meaning in its face.

When each tall crag that towers toward the sky  
Shall fall like prostrate kings, and like them die,  
When the material elements shall glow,  
And shake the universe with throe on throe,  
Oh ! how can I, if such the fate of rock  
At the great judgment day, abide the shock,

If mountains melt, and slide into the sea,  
What will become of man, and what of me ?  
E'en now reflect how short life's longest span !  
How mountains are eternal as to man;  
See kingdoms rise, and flourish, and decay,  
Nations like grass spring up, and fade away—  
Whose works soon follow, while still round us  
are

The oak, the sea, the mountain, and the star,  
Nor they forever—it is God alone,  
Moves all, yet sits unmov'd on adamantine  
throne.

Oh ! when realities annihilate  
Figure and mystery, and fulfil our fate;  
When rous'd and quicken'd from the heavy  
clod,  
Our spirits hurry to the bar of God ;  
Oh ! when heart faileth, when the wicked call :  
Ye mountains ! cover us, and ye hills ! fall ;  
Great God ! I would betake myself, and hide  
Under the cross of Jesus crucified—  
Safe amid falling skies and parting spheres,  
Peaceful, while learn'd and mighty ones have  
fears ;  
Glory for shame, and for all weakness power !  
“ I know that my Redeemer liveth ”—be that  
my tower.

Or e'er the mountains were brought forth, or  
rose  
Th' astonish'd sun, their grandeur to disclose,

A sudden rumor fills the host of heaven,  
Of councils held, and of a race forgiven.  
Angels desire to look into those things [kings.  
Which prophets since have waited for, and  
God hateth wickedness—behold the flood !  
God loveth mercy—and behold the cloud  
Painted in promise ; twice a thousand years  
Again roll round, and what a sight appears !  
Man sins no less, and yet no flood is sent ;  
The bow appears, the storm retires content ;  
Man sins no less, yet is destroy'd no more—  
God hateth wickedness e'en as before !  
The Godhead veils itself, and stoops to take  
Its own just stroke for its own holy sake.  
Sing ! heaven—and wonder, earth ! and pity !  
say,  
Was ever love like this ?—pity and love, say  
“ nay.”

But now, as when some lofty music o'er,  
My spirit sinks, and all is as before.  
The mountain winds are cold, and sadly sigh,  
Clouds gather round, and underneath me lie ;  
I feel I am a wanderer, and alone,  
Seeking for happiness, and finding none,  
None in myself, and little else beside,  
Though no few ways to win her I have tried.  
Oh ! for a draught again from childhood's  
springs !  
Oh ! on this airy eminence for wings !  
Then would I fly away and be at rest,  
Fly to my home, and settle in my nest.



Down from the willow, in unconscious mood,  
I took my harp to sing ; in Alpine wood  
A soul must sing as on a wild sea shore,  
And I have sung as I have sung before—  
Not that it matters—in a little while,  
Where I am now shall others come and smile,  
And have great thoughts of heart, perhaps,  
and see  
More in this vision than occurs to me ;  
Sweet may the summer breezes round them  
blow,  
Sweet sing the woodbirds, and the pansies  
grow,  
In all to me hath loving Nature been,  
May they more pleasure find, and more in-  
struction win.

Yet if some noble youth or gentle maid,  
Thoughtful on all the glories round them  
spread,  
Glowing with action difficult and rare,  
Their eyes all sparkles and a wave their hair,  
Perchance my wandering spirits sometimes  
meet,  
Visiting scenes so wonderful and sweet ;  
Would they might hear my quiet voice and  
vow,  
Rais'd at La Flègère, and repeated now—  
“ Who made the mountains stand forever  
good ;  
“ Who cleft and led the fountain and the flood ;

“ Who planted earth with beauty, and whose  
care  
“ Provides, protects, and blesses all things  
there ;  
“ Who came and condescended down so low,  
“ And bore upon the cross our heavy woe ;  
“ Who rose again, and pleads for us above—  
“ Him let us fear and serve, Him trust, Him  
love.”

---

### Vale of Sussex.

Vale of Sussex, by the sea !  
Dear to distant memory,  
Fain would I be nearer thee,  
To wander inland o'er the downs,  
Exploring villages and towns ;  
Attracted by some ancient spire,  
Than all the grove around it higher,  
Where noble arches, chisel'd fair,  
Hold noble turrets in the air,  
Where brazen friar and sculptur'd knight,  
And oak-seat carv'd and color'd light,  
Fill all the place with holy gloom,  
And make me step as in a tomb ;  
Or lur'd along the dusty road,  
T'ward some tall steep, hist'ry's abode,  
Where Norman William pass'd in power,  
And breach'd the walls and broke the tower,  
And left old Time to carry on  
A siege that is not yet quite done ;

To seek the silence of the hills,  
And pluck the bright-eyes and the bells,  
Inhale the freshness of the breeze,  
That blows forever from the seas,  
And on the loftiest eminence,  
Discern some ancient British fence,  
And circular vallum, cover'd o'er  
With yellow gorse and rabbit bore ;  
To sit above the wide spread plain,  
And read the "Traveller" o'er again,  
Or with a hurried pencil trace,  
The outline of some pleasant place,  
Here flocks of sheep upon a slope,  
Some lying down, some looking up,  
There hills of heather, and beneath  
Green hollow vales as still as death,  
While far beyond a distant view  
Of country melts into the blue.  
Oh ! happy shepherd boys, who dwell  
Where nought is heard but tinkling bell ;  
Oh ! happy villagers, who pass  
Your life amid the grain and grass ;  
Oh ! happy fishermen, who find  
A home upon the wave or wind ;  
Far happier ye than men of birth,  
Who own the broad estates of earth,  
Yours are the *real* pleasures—theirs  
The titles, casualties and cares.  
Vale of Sussex, by the sea !  
Dear to distant memory,  
Fain would I be nearer thee.

" Who planted earth with beauty, and whose  
 care  
 " Provides, protects, and blesses all things  
 there;  
 " Who came and condescended down so low,  
 " And bore upon the cross our heavy woe;  
 " Who rose again, and pleads for us above—  
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 Hold noble turrets in the air,  
 Where brazen friar and sculptur'd knight  
 And oak-seat carv'd and color'd light,  
 Fill all the place with holy gloom,  
 And make me step as in a tomb;  
 Or lur'd along the dusty road,  
 T'ward some tall, stern, hoary tower,  
 Where Nelly's bairns were born,  
 And bairns o'er bairns were born,  
 And bairns o'er bairns were born.

To seek the silence of the hills,  
And pluck the bright-eyes and the bells,  
Inhale the freshness of the breeze,  
That blows forever from the seas,  
And on the loftiest eminence,  
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Yours are the *real* pleasures—theirs  
The titles, casualties and cares.  
Vale of Sussex, by the sea !  
Dear to distant memory,  
Fain would I be nearer thee.

**Satan's Work.**

In every step we take,  
The Devil near us lingers ;  
In every pie we make,  
The Devil puts his fingers.  
  
And when he shakes his fist,  
A curse is sure to follow,  
As evening's gloomy mist  
Portends a storm to-morrow.  
  
And so all earthly joys  
His rule of sorrow measures ;  
And he his art employs,  
To spoil our purest pleasures.

---

**The Stars.**

Now the light of day departs,  
With its labors and its arts ;  
Why should we detain our eyes  
From communion with the skies ?  
  
What a glorious host is there !  
Like Elisha after prayer,  
We may see around the mount  
Chariots more than we can count.  
  
Are thy cresses for the night,  
In the eternal city set ?  
Are they watchmen that can tell  
Heaven if we do ill or well ?

Are they silver harps, whereon  
Angels play as they progress  
Round us, but whose definite tone  
Cannot reach us for the space ?

Are they maritime towers or hosts  
All along the heavenly coasts ?  
Are they ensigns in eternal  
March against our foes infernal ?

They are all of these and more,  
Pebbles on a boundless shore ;  
Springs that water us with light,  
Overflowing through the night.

They are like a flock of sheep,  
Which the shepherd angels keep ;  
What a miracle that they  
Never clash or go astray !

They are all of these and more,  
They are suns that worlds adore ;  
Systems annular like ours,  
With inhabitants and flowers.

All the stars we see by night,  
With the milky-way of light,  
Are with all their show and shine  
But one cluster of heaven's vine.

Other clusters, vast as this,  
Herschel hail'd with awful bliss,  
Faintly in perspective spread,  
Sought with fasting and with dread.

Man, methinks, should not be proud,  
Little minim in a crowd,  
Nor as foolish faint for fear,  
Lest he be forgotten here.

Nought to God is great or small,  
He has made and watches all,  
Neither is a difficult thing  
A round world or little wing !

This has sooth'd me when distress'd,  
And when lying down to rest,  
Glancing at the stars, I've said,  
" They are always o'er my head."

And if night seem'd dark and long,  
Or the fear of death was strong,  
Child like, I have sweeter slept,  
For the midnight watch they kept.



### Nature True.

I never could discover,  
Who have known her thro' and thro',  
That Nature to her lover  
Was any thing but true.

A fair one may deceive us,  
Or a friend of youth depart,  
But Nature will never leave us  
With a bruis'd or broken heart.

And when life's links dissever,  
She'll fold us to her breast,  
Where the wicked cease forever,  
And the weary are at rest.

---

### The Mourner and the Mourned.

Gentle strangers! which would ye,  
The *mourner* or the *mourned* be?  
Softly, very softly, tread,  
Round us are  
Those who slumber with the dead,  
Happier far.

Sorrow is the one of two,  
See her sit beneath the yew,  
One above, and one below,  
Cruel Earth to part them so;  
One in white, and one in black,  
'Twas not always so, alack!  
One is weeping, one is sleeping;  
. Gentle strangers! which would ye,  
The mourner or the mourned be?

Never shall the rainy cloud,  
Never shall the thunder loud,  
Never shall the gloomy night,  
Never shall the evil sprite,  
More disturb their peaceful breast,

Never, never,  
There the weary are at rest,  
Ever, ever!  
Green the grass above them grows,  
No one gathers, no one sows;

Soft the dew collects around ;  
Soft the moon shines on the ground ;  
Does it matter where we lie,  
When we sleep, or when we die ?  
So it be some hallow'd spot,  
Where the wicked trouble not ?  
Thus and while they sweetly sleep,  
Love is left, and left to weep ;  
Gentle strangers ! which would ye,  
The mourner or the mourned be ?

---

#### The Court of Love.

May I not sue thee for thy heart,  
Since thou hast stolen mine ?  
And was it like thee to depart,  
Who art almost divine,  
And leave a suppliant on thy shore,  
Robb'd by thyself of all his store ?  
Like some fair island of the sea,  
I often pass thee with regret,  
Or sail around thee if so be,  
Some favor may be flying yet ;  
Some little beacon, but alas !  
There is a surf I cannot pass !  
The boy is judge ; you know him well,  
From whom you learn'd each cruel art,  
His woolsack is his mother's shell,  
His sword of justice is a dart,  
His hall a bower, his jury me,  
And " guilty " shall the prisoner be.



**The Complaint.**

Didst thou not promise with thine eyes,  
That thou wouldest never leave me ?  
Didst thou not promise with thy sighs,  
That thou wouldest ne'er deceive me ?  
  
Have I not trusted to thine eyes,  
That were so bright and sunny ?  
Have I not trusted to thy sighs,  
That were as sweet as honey ?  
  
But now, for both of us, alas !  
For we shall ne'er discover—  
Thou any more so true a lass,  
Or I so gay a lover.

---

**The Abbot of Reading.**

Though it may be sad to visit a ruin,  
(For instance an old conventional pile,)  
To see what war and fire are doing,  
And the conqueror, Time, Old Time, the  
Yet is it not pleasant to hear a story, [while;  
About their departed days of glory ?  
  
In the reign of Henry the Eighth, they tell us  
One that is both pleasant and true,  
When the king of the monast'ries was jealous,  
And murder'd his wives, and his prelates  
It happen'd in Reading's old mitred abbey, [too.  
Which then was as great as it now is shabby.

Endow'd with fat lands, and rich in money,  
To relieve all who came there, early or  
late ;  
To the poor it was a hive of honey,  
And pilgrims call'd it "the beautiful gate."  
What is still extant, without contravention,  
Bespeaks a magnificence and extension.

The bell had done calling both saint and  
sinner,  
Each monk Benedictine, lean and fat,  
Of whom two hundred, in black, to dinner,  
In the refectory, down had sat,  
(At the top, of course, was our Lord the Ab-  
bot,  
And in front of him a roasted rabbit,)

When at the portal was heard a knocking.  
Quoth the brother-keeper, "who knocks now?"  
And was answer'd while he was unlocking,  
"My master is the king, I trow,  
With him I hunted at break of day,  
In Windsor forest, and lost my way."

When the Abbot heard he was something  
royal,  
He order'd the hunter to be well fed ;  
For then all churchmen were very loyal,  
Because so many had lost a head.  
King Hal seem'd to think that priests and  
wives,  
Like cats, had an extra number of lives.

The hunter was big as a barrel of beer,  
A handsome man, and could drink and  
sing,  
But his greatest grace in the Abbot's ear,  
Was his being a hunter to the King;  
The Abbot had had indigestion bore him,  
And only fed on the rabbit before him.

But the hunter was hungry as well as healthy,  
And prov'd it upon a sirloin of beef;  
Quoth the Abbot, "his majesty must be  
wealthy, [leave,  
To keep such guardsmen as you, by your  
Let's remember his health in sack;" they  
beckon'd,  
And emptied their silver cups in a second.

" Well fare thy heart, and well thou hast won  
I would give a hundred pounds to eat [it,  
Of a sirloin of beef, as thou hast done it;  
I can drink, indeed, but reject my meat;  
My poor squeazy stomach," concluded the  
Abbot,  
" Will barely digest this bit of a rabbit."

The stranger had done, and essay'd to be  
going,  
He thank'd his host for a cheer so free,  
And gave, (for said he, ' I to you am owing,')  
A great many marks for some charity;  
And then his green apparel addressing,  
He went away with the Abbot's blessing.

Some weeks after this came a pursuivant,  
With a troop of horse into Reading town,  
Who turn'd from the East to the Abbey  
aslant,  
And before the gate of the Abbey got  
down;  
"The King has sent for your Lord," said he,  
"To London, and I am his warder to be."

So betwixt and between, the Abbot was  
brought there,  
And lodged a prisoner in the Tower East,  
And well nigh starv'd upon bread and water,  
Till he look'd not like a monk in the least,  
Wondering the while in what way or measure  
He had ever incurr'd the King's displeasure.

At length a sirloin of beef came steaming  
Into the cell, where the Abbot sat;  
He thought at first that he must be dreaming,  
Until he tasted the flesh and fat,  
Which seem'd to remind him of his own good  
table,  
And induced him to eat, as he was able.

His friend, the hunter, who had immur'd  
him. [lord;  
Then came; "Your hundred pounds, my  
I had a patient, and have cured him;  
Now where's the fee? upon your word,"  
Quoth he, "your hundred pounds, or marry,  
Your head instead—I am King Harry."

The Abbot promis'd that his proctor  
Should pay the money in a trice ;  
Right glad t' escape from such a doctor,  
So 'twere alive, at any price ;  
Nor did he care, 'tis stated clearly,  
To buy another meal so dearly.

---

### November.

Now through the shallow wood,  
The rustling robin hops ;  
And on the chilly flood  
The wandering widgeon drops.

The blue discordant jay  
Flutters and screams together,  
And the ant and squirrel lay  
Up food for wintry weather.

From the grey trees around  
The east wind hurls the leaf,  
And hark ! their branches sound  
Like vessels under reef.

Anon the flakes descend,  
And every day and night  
More to the southward tend  
The lessening heat and light.

But yet, oh God ! thy hand  
Is in the mournful rain,  
That satisfies the land,  
And fills the spring again.

And, yet thine arm doth throw,  
 Ere comes the bitter cold,  
 A mantle warm of snow,  
 The herbage to enfold.

And yet thine eye is seen,  
 Though cold the winter night,  
 The golden rows between,  
 Of constellations bright.

So angels move and shine,  
 And as they shine and move,  
 Of workmanship divine,  
 They sing, and heavenly love!

---

Song.

The winds are singing, let's join the strain,  
 The waves are singing, let's sing again,  
 Our souls are full, and our hands are free,  
 As we glide along to the open sea,  
 Merrily, merrily.

The rudder cuts through the rippling tide,  
 And the seaweed floats by the vessel's side,  
 The fish-hawk screams with her struggling  
 prey,  
 And the porpoise rolls on its pathless way,  
 Merrily, merrily.

The yellow shore, and the purple hills,  
 The singing birds and the sounding rills,  
 The modest shrub and the lofty tree,  
 Are far away on the less'ning lea,  
 Merrily, merrily.

May as dear a friend, with as soft an eye,  
As fine a breeze, and as fair a sky,  
Be ever mine, with a heart as free,  
To glide along o'er life's rough sea,  
Merrily, merrily.

---

### The Rising Tide.

Oh the rising tide ! oh the rising tide !  
How it fills the shining bay,  
How it heaves the leaves on the island's side,  
Which winter has flung away.

Oh the rising tide ! like a sparkling cup,  
How it bathes the thirsty shore,  
While the tall grass all is covered up,  
Till its spires are seen no more.

Oh the rising waters ! how calm they come,  
Save where the quick oar gleams,  
Or the wild duck flies to her marshy home,  
Or the rising fish-hawk screams.

Oh the rising tide ! how the tall trees bend  
To look in its mighty glass ;  
And for hours the flowers their smiles expend,  
On the ripples as they pass.

Oh the rising tide ! 'tis an image sublime,  
Of the pleasures of every day,  
That smile for awhile on the sands of time,  
Till they're forced to ebb away.

But though like the floods, our joys subside,  
They will soon return from the main;  
So we'll think of the brink, of the rising tide,  
And take good heart again.

---

### Nature.

It is in Nature's face  
The smiles of Heaven are seen,  
Which shed an equal grace,  
Wherever they have been.

I love her open walk,  
Her shady, cool retreat,  
Where man t' himself may talk,  
And sit at wisdom's feet;

Here, if sweet Sharon's rose  
Is blooming in the heart,  
What beauties flowers disclose,  
What pleasures birds impart;

Like these, we soar above  
This world and all its care,  
Like those, we never rove,  
But a sweet perfume bear;

So looking back, we trace  
Why Nature won our love,  
The smiles which lit her face  
Were borrow'd from above.



### A Catastrophe—or, an Epitaph on a Cat.

Here lies a member of the *mews*;  
A title none will dare refuse,  
Who once has heard the midnight squalling,  
Known among men as *cat-erwauling*.  
To put her virtue into rhymes,  
Would be a *cat-ologue* of crimes,  
And yet, to say she'd none at all,  
Would be too *cat-egorical*;  
For she was famous as to food,  
In catching every thing she could.  
She often caught the mice a squealing,  
And sometimes caught herself a stealing,  
And more than all, one day, I'm told,  
She caught a very dreadful cold.  
A *cat-enation* of diseases,  
Led by the dreadful *cat-alepsis*,  
Consigned poor Kitty to this tomb,  
That is well called a *cat-acomb*,  
And she who had nine lives to lose,  
Has won another from the muse.

---

### The Birds of Spring.

Oh ! hasten back, ye birds of Spring !  
She seems to sleep, till you  
Shall break her slumbers, as you sing  
Your little songs anew.

The gentle murmuring brooks begin,  
Like loosen'd pearls to run,  
And mossy banks, tho' cold within,  
Look verdant in the sun.

The flowers for maids of May to wreath,  
Are peeping from their bed;  
And western winds already breathe  
A mildness round their head.

Then hasten back, and fill the fields,  
And woodlands with your song,  
Revive the bliss your music yields,  
And your sweet stay prolong.

---

### Home Revisited.

Way-worn his feet with dust of many lands,  
Sea-wet his hair, and sunny brown his hands,  
Slower his step, and more subdued his mind,  
The traveller turns his former home to find—  
“Delightful scenes! now memory need no more  
Strain her dim vision from a distant shore,  
Raise her sad voice across the murmuring  
main,  
Or listen a reply almost in vain.”  
Thus as his eyes behold, his lips aver,  
And still he meditates and still draws near;  
“Though 'neath the sullen sky and falling leaf  
Of sad November, is my sojourn brief,  
Though I have seen, since last I bade adieu,  
A clime more genial, and a sky more blue;

Oh ! say, what hills or vales to me appear  
So green as present, or as past so dear ?  
Their very desolation makes my heart  
Cherish them more, less anxious to depart ;  
Like one who seeks the neighborhood that  
contains,  
Of friends, or kin, the little that remains,  
All, all around his shining eyes are cast,  
To recognize memorials of the past ;  
So would I prove *my* constancy, because  
To *pity* and *admire* are both love's laws.  
Where gentle Isis weds the noble Thame,  
Mingling alike her virtues and her name,  
While a fair bridge from shore to shore above,  
Stands as a witness to the act of love ;  
Where through the valley they triumphant  
glide,  
And bear the royal swans upon their tide ;  
And amphitheatres of yellow corn  
Laugh as they pass, and huntsmen wind their  
horn,  
And hill-side ploughmen underneath the wood  
Look from the glebe, and bless the silver flood ;  
'T was there, perchance, such beauties all  
around,  
The Arts came by, and me their prisoner  
bound ;  
Or from the shade of some majestic elm,  
The Muses caught me to their fanciful realm,  
There in yon meadow cattle sprinkled o'er,  
With pollard willow all along the shore,

There on that beaten path my frolic foot  
Oft ran in youth, nor ran alone I wot ;  
Nor less to be desired than once, appears  
Our cottage home, the scene of early years ;  
Thither my school-boy heart in day of woe  
Turn'd, yearning oft, and let its sorrows flow,  
While through the passing storm, the mind  
within

Felt from afar the placid happy scene,  
The balm of all its troubles, and the cure  
Of sullen disobedience, swift and sure.

Here, when the lovely month of June would  
come,

Releas'd from school, anticipating home,  
Here I approach'd with beating heart, and  
mov'd [relov'd;

Through scenes remember'd and thro' scenes  
The solemn shade of beech on either side,  
The cultivated park (a Conway's pride,)  
The road that led along the dangerous cliff,  
The sudden river, with its barge and skiff,  
Now flowing smooth, now bringing to the ear  
The hum of mills or more tumultuous weir;  
Or where expected rose the distant tower,  
And struck (sweet sound) some summer even-  
ing hour,

While wreaths of smoke, and mist of blue and  
brown,

Reveal'd the peacefully recumbent town ;  
And where the bridge impos'd its graceful span  
Thrice in the lucid wave that 'neath it ran,

Adorn'd by female art with sculpture rare,  
Old Thames majestic here—there Isis fair;  
And last of all, this dear sequester'd spot,  
Compared to which all others were forgot,  
The iron gate, the poplar shaded door,  
The welcome there, as if life's woes were o'er,  
All, all confronted, and no chorus round  
A king's son could so sweetly sound.

That rapture past, how swift succeed the  
while

The kiss repeated, and the constant smile ;  
Where'er the eyes with dear enquiries rove,  
They meet some object that renews their love ;  
The accustom'd parlor, with its sweet perfume  
Of choicest nosegays, gather'd all in bloom ;  
An air of comfort in each curtain's fold ;  
The pictures, still serene, in frames of gold ;  
The sofa soft, the table's tasty hoard ;  
And carpet color'd rich, all joy afford [floor,  
To one long us'd to white-wash'd wall and  
And to the frown of tutor dreaded more.  
How soft the pressure of a mother's hand !  
And of a sister's voice, the sound how bland !  
And oh ! when evening draws her curtains  
round,  
And stars appear, and dewy is the ground,  
What time devotion meditates her praise,  
For all Jehovah's wondrous works and ways,  
How thrill the heart-strings, as in humble  
pray'r, [ear !  
♦ father's well known utterance meets the

Nor should the pleasant food, the home-made  
bread,  
Be passed unnotic'd, on fair linen spread,  
And grateful strawb'ries, urging their own  
suit,  
As sav'd and pluck'd but now, in truth love's  
fruit.  
That night, no doubt, the very wing of peace  
Fanned all the soul, and bid the excitement  
cease,  
While in the gilded gondole of a dream,  
The spirit haply glid down fancy's stream."

The traveller mourns—the murmur of the  
Thame  
Just trembles on his ear—it is the same ;  
The same the reverend elms that round him  
sigh,  
The same the rolling sun, and cloudy sky ;  
Below him are the pebbly paths and sod,  
Which gentler feet than his erst lightly trod ;  
In short, where'er he looks, some peaceful  
shade  
Glances about, or little feet parade,  
And plaintive whispers of the wind he takes  
To be their voice, and bleeds at his mistakes.

Thus as he stands, swift passing time essays  
Her warning hand, that he as soon obeys,  
Nor more amid the ruins of a *place*  
Seeks for the *mind* that gave it all its grace.

**The Issues.**

How many a noble knight !  
To Holy Land to fight,  
Went forth with scutcheon bright :

How many a gallant ship !  
Set sail upon the deep,  
When the waters were asleep :

How many a youthful heart !  
Like the noble knight may start,  
Or the gallant ship depart :

But the noble knight was kill'd !  
And the gallant ship was fill'd !  
And the beating heart is still'd !

---

**“The Flowers of Earth”—An Autumn Hymn.**

The flowers of earth are sweet and fair,  
But those of Heaven more lasting are ;  
Oh ! for those flowers, and for that land,  
Where Death ne'er lays its icy hand !

The *rose* and *lily*, and the *maid*  
They do but typify, must fade ;  
And what to do was so much worth,  
To-morrow may be given to earth.

The youngest and the loveliest yield  
To the first frost that hurts the field,  
Nor do the old, nor e'en the strong  
Delay their generation long.

The flowers of earth are sweet and fair,  
But those of Heaven more lasting are;  
Oh! for those flowers and for that land,  
Where Death ne'er lays its icy hand!

---

**An Evening Hymn at Sea.**

Guardian of all we love!  
Give us sweet sleep to-night,  
And by the stars above,  
Watch us and guide us right.

Oh! there are eyes that shine,  
Waiting us far away;  
Oh! there are hearts that pine  
More and more every day.

So, through the shadowy hours,  
Lead us the ocean o'er,  
Guardian of us, and ours!  
Blessed for ever more!

---

**A Christmas Carol.**

Hark! an echo, all sublime,  
Of the things of ancient time,  
Meets the world we dwell upon,  
Just as ever and anon,



In her circle round the sun,  
Winter's solstice has begun—  
And shall it be said that Earth  
Has forgot her Saviour's birth ?  
Or that Christendom can lose  
The sound of such angelic news?  
Rather let her watch Heaven's face,  
While the era comes apace ;  
That as Jesus stoop'd below,  
In the time of clouds and snow,  
He may deign our hearts t'enfold,  
Dark, and like December, cold.

Though no angels in the skies  
Ravish ears and dazzle eyes ;  
They have set the song to man,  
Man must carry on Heaven's plan ;  
Though no long expected gem  
Glitters over Bethlehem,  
Brighter than the stars of heav'n  
God's sure word to us is given.

Christians ! then awake, arise,  
And (t' assume a poet's guise)  
Be the angel, who to tell  
Gentle shepherds all was well,  
Flew delighted forth from God,  
With the joyful news abroad.  
Be the circling choir of old,  
Shining on the shepherd fold,  
Who for love of God and man,  
Sang with all their might and main,

Pulling harp-strings full and fine,  
Like a breeze in the tall pine.

Be the magi, who, afar,  
Waited for the morning star,  
And by faith, through Egypt dark,  
Took its promise for their mark ;  
Be the star with finger bright,  
Pointing to the source of light,  
Leading wandering nations home,  
Saying to the heathen, "come!"  
Be not like the lofty Inn,  
~~full~~ of selfishness and sin,  
That refused a little rest  
For the Saviour in its breast.

Rather be the manger lowly,  
Where they laid the infant holy ;  
Where the ox its master knew,  
And to give him place withdrew ;  
So do thou—not with a part,  
But with the whole room of thy heart.  
There, as in your bosom laid,  
Let your pray'rs to him be said,  
While ye offer treasures rare,  
"Gold and frankincense and myrrh."

Nor upon this day alone,  
To the shining cradle run ;  
Let there be a beaten path  
Thither for the feet of faith ;  
Tempted, stricken, like to die,  
Off, as fast as ye can fly,



To the *fact* that he was born  
In a manger on a morn.

Be not Herod, bent to kill  
Those who God's behests fulfil,  
Lest all Ramah's cries and tears  
Fill your haunted eyes and ears ;  
Rather cherish Christ, and all  
That the least of him recall ;  
Cherish Christmas, welcome it,  
With its midnight music sweet,  
And blithe bells, and early greetings,  
And its dear domestic meetings ;  
And be sure, like Simeon hoary,  
Smitten with the Saviour's glory,  
In the temple that ye be,  
Hailing Christ's nativity.

---

### Earth and Heaven.

To see the sun that rose so bright  
Soon lost amid the shades of night ;  
To see the flowers we cherish most  
All cold and wither'd by the frost ;  
To find life's pleasures end in woe,  
Is what we must expect below.

But wisdom points you to a shore,  
Where suns shall rise to set no more,  
Where evening shades and morning showers  
Shall never light upon its flowers ;  
Oh ! would you gain its peaceful rest,  
Ask for the blessing, and be blest.

**Night.**

Creator of the night !  
We sing thy hand that made  
The moon and stars to light  
The evening's purple shade.

How grateful is the breeze  
That cools earth's sultry breast,  
That sighs through all the trees,  
And rocks the flowers to rest.

How still the dew is spread,  
Till Nature seems to grieve,  
And lean her weary head  
Upon the lap of eve,

And whispers of the day,  
When all must sink to rest,  
As gently fade away  
The glories of the west.

---

**“The Second Birth.”**

Man, of a woman born,  
A few sad years may brave,  
And then of youth and beauty shorn,  
Turns to the silent grave ;

So fades the tender flower,  
So falls the lofty tree,  
So flies the shadow and the hour  
On to eternity.

But there's another birth,  
Thro' Christ's redeeming love,  
When man shall rise from mould'ring earth,  
To live again above;

So springs the hidden seed,  
Ascends the torrent's spray,  
So mounts the sun with solemn speed,  
To gild a cloudless day.

---

#### On the Death of an Infant.

Death, like an eagle bold,  
Impatient for its prey,  
Stoops to the unsuspecting fold  
And bears a lamb away;

Its closing eyes still catch  
Its mother's look of love,  
And still that mother loves to watch  
Till it is lost above;

Then as the summer light,  
That gently fades away,  
And leaves a pale and chilly night,  
Instead of rosy day;

No more upon her face  
The former smiles are seen,  
But tears perpetual take their place,  
With pious hopes between.

**Sabbath School Hymn.**

Lord ! impress upon our heart,  
 What our ears have heard to day ;  
 Let us choose that better part,  
 None can ever take away ;

Let our infant songs ascend,  
 Not ungrateful to thine ear,  
 And do thou, the children's friend,  
 Hear the little children's prayer ;

Though we leave the sabbath school,  
 Still the sabbath is not past,  
 Help us by thy kind control,  
 To observe it to the last ;

Thus shall every sabbath day,  
 In a world of sorrow given,  
 Strew those seeds along life's way,  
 Which will bloom as flowers in heaven.

**Hymn for the Lord's Supper.**

Dear Lord ! I crave at this thy feast,  
 A place the lowest, and the least,  
 Like Mary, finding more than meat  
 In sitting at a Saviour's feet.

Oh love unequall'd and divine !  
 That makes a place and portion mine,  
 And can a fainting spirit fill  
 With pastures green, and waters still.

Oh ! that my love could ever be,  
As full and firm as thine to me ;  
That I could value more and more  
The pangs thy human nature bore.

Then would my heart be warm indeed,  
And all thy wounds in me would bleed,  
And every cloud thy history wears  
Should have a rainbow of my tears.

Then would I leave the paths of sin,  
And drink eternal pleasures in,  
Then break the chain I cannot bear,  
And cast on thee my load of care.

Permit me thus to come and find  
Redeeming love and life combin'd,  
And may these precious emblems prove  
The pledge of better things above.

---

### The Foundation Stone.

Head of the church ! with light divine,  
Deign on thy people's works to shine,  
And make the building now thine own,  
By blessing this, " the corner stone."

Hence let the gospel's joyful sound  
Enlighten every desert round,  
And here let sinners find the road  
That leads them to the Lamb of God.

Oh thou ! who wast thyself the stone,  
Which haughty builders did disown,  
Let this thy house uninjured stand,  
Establish'd by thine own right hand.

The “corner stone,” surmounted thus,  
Shall be a footstool to the cross,  
The Church a fruitful garden prove,  
To train us for the Church above.

---

#### A Hymn.

Lord ! I would this humble heart  
Acted yet a humbler part,  
Lord ! I would these lowly eyes  
Knew no lofty exercise.

Lord ! I would this mind of mine  
Simply took thy word divine,  
And renoun'd all other things,  
With its own proud reasonings.

Lord ! I would be as a child,  
Weaned of its mother mild,  
Mourn I may, but not rebel,  
Knowing thou dost all things well.

Thus I would be, oh ! my Lord !  
But 'tis not of my accord,  
'Twas thy love first bent my will,  
And thy love must bend it still.

**On Family Worship.**

"The one lamb thou shalt offer in the morning, and the other lamb thou shalt offer at even."—EXODUS, xxix. 39.

Morning and evening pray'r  
Are but the holocausts  
That Israel's offerings were  
Unto the Lord of Hosts.

Two spotless lambs no more  
Are needed day by day,  
Since he whom we adore  
Took all our sins away.

Yet duty and delight  
Command us still to go,  
By morning's silvery light,  
And evening's golden glow;

And there in circle sweet  
To burn the grateful mind,  
Than bullocks far more meet,  
And than a lamb more kind.

---

**A Hymn.**

Thy works, oh God ! proclaim thy power  
From day to day, and night to night  
Each star from off its golden tower,  
And all things beautiful and bright.

The fertile plains where rivers shine,  
The mountains round them, and the sea,  
With the superior air are thine,  
And prove thy majesty to me.

But yet thy love and mercy, Lord !  
Exceed thy power, and shew my mind  
More wonders in thy gracious word  
Than in thy works I ever find.

---

### Sacred Sorrow.

Come, sacred sorrow ! though  
Thou art as pale as snow,  
I love thee better than to shiver ;  
Come, with thy cloudy sky,  
Come, with thy serious eye,  
And flood me with thy wintry river ;  
If God has pour'd thee out, cold cup,  
It cannot be so much but I may drink it up.

Thee I would rather wed,  
Though cold earth be my bed,  
Than crimson pomp, or lusty pleasure.  
Thou comest like the night,  
With a peculiar light,  
Withdrawning earth, and all her treasure,  
And showing heaven's face luminous,  
With twice ten thousand thousand blessed  
eyes on us.

Man would a monster prove,  
Did not almighty love  
Bend down his back with heavy sorrow,  
And o'er his weedy heart,  
Furrow with searching smart,  
This way to-day, and that to-morrow,  
Until the heaven-sown seed begins  
To burst its mortal shell, and grow above its  
sins.

Where thou art I would be,  
Then call me after thee,  
Sweet shepherd ! to sinners erring ;  
I would eschew the path  
That seeks the vale of Death,  
The mountainous pasturage preferring,  
Where thou shalt watch me night and day,  
With all of that dear flock who wander not  
away.

And sorrow ! bye and bye,  
When I go up to die,  
Thou wilt put off thy dismal mourning,  
And by my languid bed,  
Turn into joy instead,  
While pale the lamp of life is burning,  
And sing to sleep and soothe to rest  
These very anxious eyes, and this more  
anxious breast.

## Psalm XXIII.

The Lord my shepherd is,  
He will my wants supply,  
No happier sheep of his  
In all the flock than I.

He maketh me lie down  
In pastures green and fair,  
And leadeth me at noon,  
Where the still waters are.

I wander—he pursues ;  
He doth my soul restore,  
And he for me doth choose  
His ways for evermore.

E'en Death's dark vale I dare ;  
For it will seem serene,  
If He's beside me there,  
And on His staff I lean.

Me he has often fed  
Mine enemies before ;  
With oil my happy head,  
With wine my cup runs o'er :

His mercy and his love  
Have chased me all my days,  
And as I fly above,  
Shall I not sing his praise ?

**Psalm XLII.**

As the poor hunted hart for the water-brook  
panteth,

So panteth my soul after thee, oh! my God!  
It thirsts, but it cannot possess what it wanteth,  
It runs, but it knows not the heavenly road.

Yet the Lord will command, and I wait his  
good pleasure,

In the day-time his sweet loving kindness to  
me,

And all the night long shall I sing what a  
treasure,

Thou God of my life, do I cherish in thee.

Then why art thou sad, oh! my soul! why  
within me

Disquieted so? put thy hope in the Lord,  
For I shall yet praise him, and he will yet  
win thee,

Who never hath fail'd of the least of his  
word.

**Psalm LXI.**

Hear me, oh God! while e'er I cry,

In foreign land, alone, and sad;

And to that higher rock than I,

Lead me for safety and for shade.

**160457**

Long hast thou been my shelt'ring tower,  
Long will I love thee, whence it springs,  
And still when any danger lower,  
Run to the covert of thy wings.

---

**Psalm CXXI.**

Lift up thine eyes, thou mourning maid,  
Above the hills of dark despair;  
There is thine everlasting aid,  
There is thy bright and morning star.

Thy help is from the Lord alone,  
Nor haply needest thou beside  
Than one who watches step and stone,  
Like bridegroom walking with his bride.

Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,  
Shall fall on thy beloved head,  
But only lend their lovely light,  
Or genial influences shed.

Upon his everlasting arm  
Safe shall thou lean in life and death,  
Like infant in its cradle warm,  
Holding for very joy its breath.

---

**Psalm CXXXIII.**

Wake up my harp! and tell,  
Behold my soul! and see  
How sweet it is to dwell  
In bonds of unity.

A holy group to form  
A family of love,  
While influences warm  
Our bosoms from above.

So upon Aaron's head,  
Even to Aaron's feet,  
The precious ointment spread  
Around a perfume sweet.

So upon Hermon's hill  
The dew of heaven prevails,  
So Zion's mountains still  
Replenish Zion's vales.

The Lord at such a sight,  
Would every blessing pour,  
And be himself our light,  
And life for evermore.

---

**Psalm CXXXVII.**

By the rivers of Babylon Israel sat down,  
Her face was all hid in her desolate gown,  
And oft as the memory of Zion occur'd,  
She wept, and to Heaven her sad vigil pre-  
ferr'd.

“ Our harps that had once all they lov'd for a  
theme,  
Now hang on the willows that droop in the  
stream,  
For how can we sing and not rather forego  
The songs of the Lord in the land of the foe.

“ Happy Solyma! city so ancient and bless'd,  
Like a dove to its ark, like a child to its rest,  
I have sought, and enjoy'd, and preferr'd thee  
above,  
What the world ever offer'd to give for my  
love.

“ And oh ! if I do not remember thee yet,  
May my hand all its art and its music forget,  
Or if I deny thee, and cause thee to grieve,  
May my tongue in the act of its falsity cleave.

“ But remember the children of Edom, O  
Lord,  
Who scatter'd thy holy foundations abroad,  
Oh! daughter of Babylon ! low shalt thou lie,  
When thy wall is besieg'd, and thy river is  
dry.

“ Then happy the man that rewardeth thee  
thus,  
And is cruel to her who was cruel to us,  
Yea, thrice happy he, who shall dash down  
thy young,  
On the stones where the captives of Israel  
have sung.”

---

**Isaiah, LI.**

Lo ! when the righteous die,  
Lay it to heart;  
Know that dark days are nigh,  
When *they* depart.

Each in his narrow bed  
Lies down in peace,  
Sun-light to them is fled,  
And their works cease.

Now, then, ye *living*, know,  
That *ye* must toil ;  
Whoso a crop would grow,  
Turns up the soil ;

That when the angels come,  
Swiftly to reap,  
Ye may be gather'd home,  
Out of your sleep !

---

#### Galatians, vi. 14, &c.

God forbid that I should glory,  
Save in Jesus and his cross ;  
Let his sad and sacred story  
Be my gain and be my loss.

Now through Him the world to me,  
Is as dark as when he died ;  
While I hang upon the tree,  
And am buried by his side.

And because those wounds I wear,  
Which he suffer'd for my soul,  
All my troubles I can bear  
Like one dead to their control.

**Revelations, Chap. viii. Verse 1st.**

“There was silence in heaven about the space of  
half an hour.”

When all the glittering hosts of heaven,  
That solemn silence kept,  
When stop’d the steed as it was driven,  
The harp as it was swept;

The judgments of Jehovah’s law  
Employed their starry gaze,  
And held their breath in wondrous awe  
At all his mighty ways;

But oh! the voice of gladness reigns  
Thro’ the high courts above,  
The trumpet wakes its loudest strains,  
The harp its longest love,

Archangels shout and seraphs sing,  
Heaven’s banners high are wav’d,  
Ten thousand hallelujahs ring,  
To see a sinner sav’d.

---

**A Hymn.**

Saviour Jesus ! one so vile  
Dare not die without thy smile,  
Let thy sceptre touch my brow,  
*I will kneel and listen thou.*

When these *feet* up life's long hill  
Shall refuse to bear me still,  
Let them turn to Heaven and thee,  
Pitiful Jesus! pity me!

When before my *vision* dim  
Men and things terrestrial swim,  
Let me ne'er lose sight of thee,  
Pitiful Jesus! pity me.

When my *ears* forget to hear  
Accents once surpassing dear,  
Let them not be *deaf* to thee,  
Pitiful Jesus! pity me.

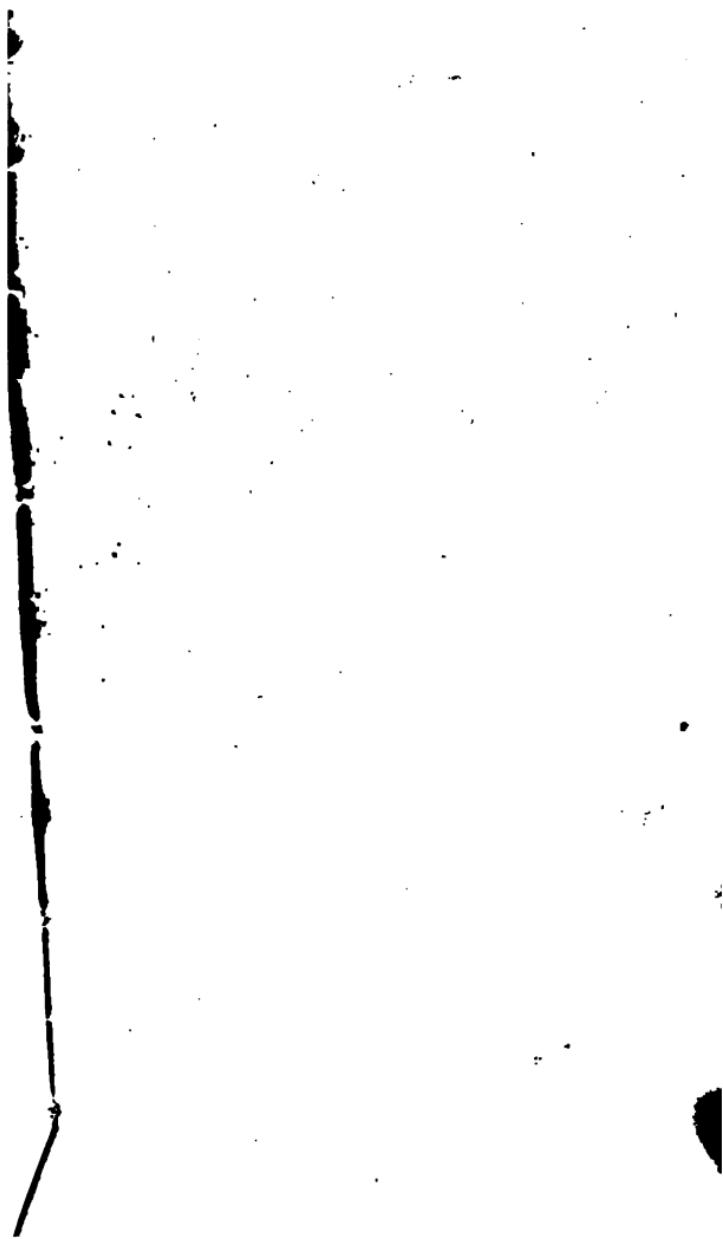
When upon my *visage* pale,  
Friendship weeps without avail,  
More than all my kindred be,  
Pitiful Jesus! pity me!

When my *lips* compress'd and weak,  
Sigh a prayer they cannot speak,  
This is what that prayer would be—  
“ Pitiful Jesus! pity me !”

When beneath the loam I lie,  
Let my spirit to thee fly,  
In thy bosom let it be,  
Pitiful Jesus! pity me.

When the judgment day begins,  
When each answers for his sins,  
Let, oh ! let me point to thee,  
Pitiful Jesus ! pity me !

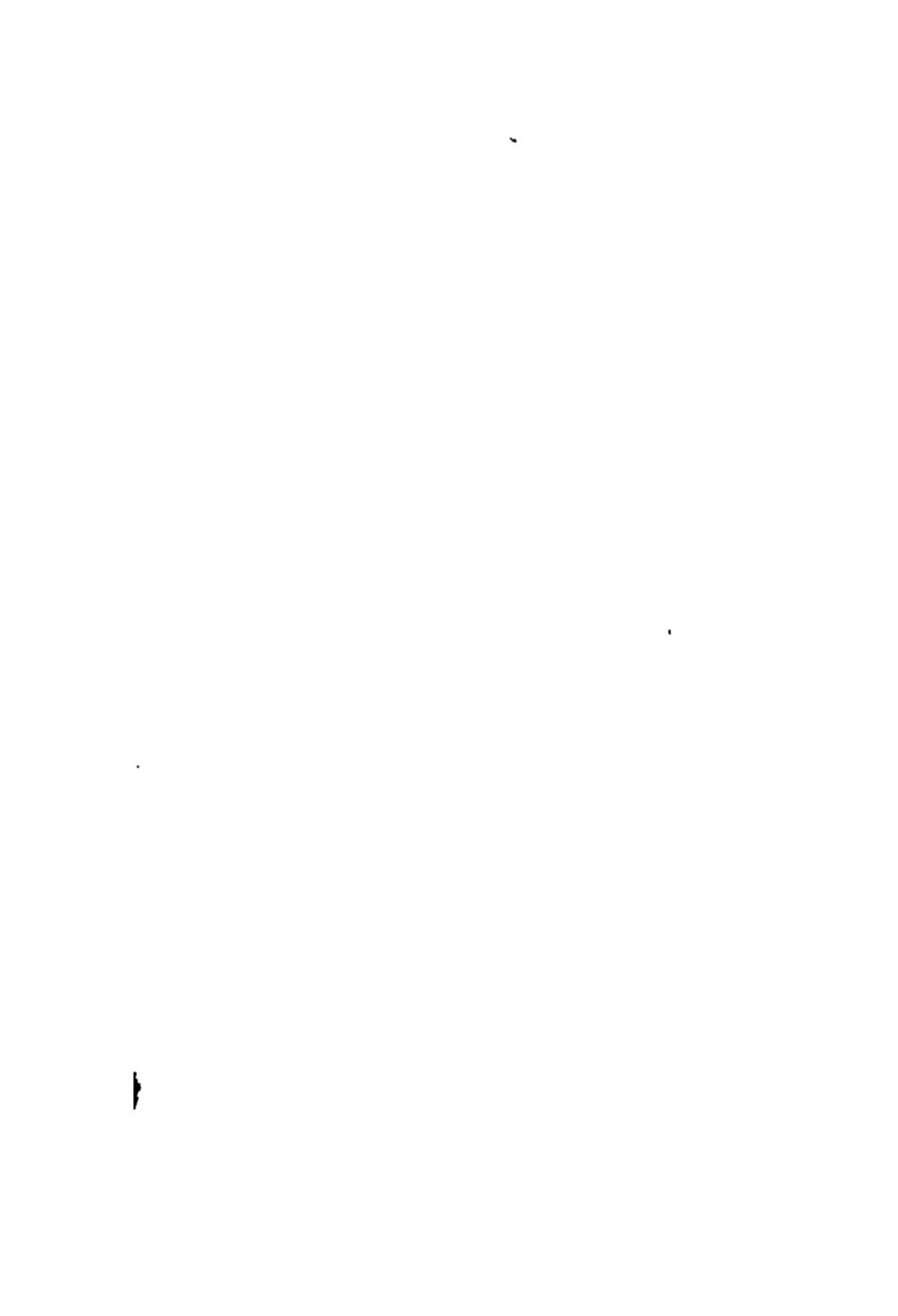
Then my harp in Heaven will raise  
Songs invented for thy praise,  
And the chief of all shall be—  
“ Pitiful Jesus pitied me !”



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20







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